

*Edward Griffith. 1780*

THE  
TRIFLER:

O R,

A R A M B L E

A M O N G T H E

W I L D S O F F A N C Y,

T H E

W O R K S O F N A T U R E,

A N D T H E

M A N N E R S O F M E N.

V O L. I I I.

L O N D O N:

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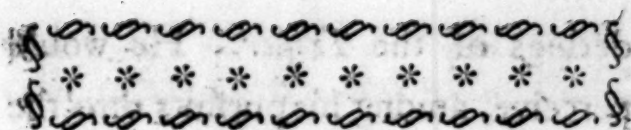
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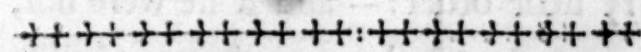
C. H. MUSEUM



...any sagacious person  
I prove like the wife of  
...to look backward  
instead of forwards (which, by the  
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find in them a train of inconsistencies  
...much of a piece with the way  
...A



THE  
TRIFLER.



CHAP. XLII.

✠✠✠ F any sagacious person,  
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person, being a man, were to take a  
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find in them a train of inconsisten-  
cies much of a piece with the wan-

derings of the *Trifler*. He would perceive, among his pursuits thro' the former part of his existence, much to blame---something to commend---a great deal of nonsense---some sense---much irregularity---and very little order:---and if he were not, upon the whole, a most incorrigible knave, he would be tolerably satisfied with the picture.---But if he were, like the *Trifler*, well disposed, he would resolve to amend his life; and endeavour, with all due deference to the rules of decorum, justice, equity, candour, politeness, urbanity, and a thousand more of the best words in the English language, either synonymous or otherwise, to steer his course, for the future, divested of his past faults, and replete with

with as many of the virtues, as he could conveniently, and without loss of time, cram into his knapsack.

Now, as I am a great nature-monger, and would not, for the world, attempt to be more perfect than my neighbours, I rejoice in this exact semblance between the first parts of my existence as a writer, and the lives of most of my contemporaries; and happy is it for me, that I have hit upon this salvo for my various and manifold misdoings.

This being premised, it behoves me, out of pure love and esteem for the reader, to give him some little account of the manner in which I

intend to proceed, and what all this  
fuss and rambling is to end in.

The latter part of the story, I am  
afraid, will be a difficult task to  
point out---as I can scarcely divine  
it myself.---But, in order to give  
him some small satisfaction in the  
matter, I must advise him to strive  
with all his might, to pick out a  
plan amidst that chaos of things ex-  
hibited in the two first volumes :  
and should it be proved, at last, that  
there is, really, a consistent process  
amidst such a medley of various  
flights, whims, conceits, and ca-  
prices ; how must the benign reader  
take shame to himself that he did  
not discover it before !---Or, rather,  
how much must he be delighted to  
perceive

perceive a pleasant and open path for him to travel in; without the least danger of losing his way! --- a path replete with the most charming prospects: hill, wood, and valley, all conspiring to animate his soul, and make him bless the author of his happiness.

But, as even the curious reader will probably be too lazy, or rather too indifferent, as to the main scope of this work to give himself trouble sufficient for such a wildgoose investigation, as that of pointing out any shadow of a scheme in the two first volumes, I must lend a helping hand in the business, and put him in mind that the title which I have given this incomparable production, is, the *Trifler*.

That I have, as every author should keep his eye upon his title, trifled in good earnest, during the first and second volumes, until we come to the story of the *Nightingale*. Then, and not till then, the first dawnings of a plan appear:—but as it was, even then, necessary to stick to the *Trifler* as a title; so, the weighty transactions that were offered to compose a continuance of the work, consist in a sixty miles walk, which two trifling fellows took, for no other purpose than to listen to the wild and melodious notes of the *Nightingale*.

Thus you find, gentle reader, how exactly our intentions correspond with

with our title; and in the execution of the business, so far as you have seen of it, we will venture to assert, that you are thoroughly convinced, that, in the strictest sense of the word, we merit the appellation of **THE TRIFLER.**

Now the reason why I did not choose to open my designs before the beginning of this third volume, so fully as perhaps I ought to have done, was the apprehension I lay under, that the grave and the important part of my readers, those, I mean, whose ideas cannot stoop beneath the contemplation of the spheres, or some such sublime speculations; would be scandalized at the bare proposal; and treat with inef-  
fable

fable contempt the story of a *Night-  
 ingale*, notwithstanding they them-  
 selves may bear a principal part in  
 the burthen of the song.—For if the  
 reader will be pleased to look into  
 the second volume for the 28th  
 chapter of this work, and trace the  
 reflections that arose, during the re-  
 mainder of that book, meerly from  
 the trifling circumstances attending  
 the *Club-adventure*; he will perceive  
 that few characters are likely to es-  
 cape the author, and that those al-  
 ready depicted, very naturally sprung  
 out of the subject.—He will find a  
 regular chain, however diversified, of  
 reflections, characters, and pictures  
 exhibited, wherein proud men, po-  
 lite men, wise men, foolish men and  
 critics, are spoken of with much  
 freedom,

freedom, some vivacity, and, we hope, with great truth.--- So that notwithstanding the story of the *Nightingale* may sound rather insignificantly in the ears of the profound; yet we are well apprized, that much weighty concernment will be drawn out of it for the amusement of all our readers---even from the philosopher to the *fool*.--- And as the travelling of only seven miles, with the incidents and reflections that occurred in consequence of it, has filled upwards of half of the second volume; so we may venture to promise, that, by the time our sixty miles ramble is described, there will be volumes enough published to make this work, in *quantity* at least, a very respectable production.

But

But although the reflections that occurred, and the pictures that were drawn, in consequence of the *Club-adventure*, exhibited in the 28th chapter, branched themselves out, upon various matters, to the 41st; yet we do not mean to be so diffusive with our own cogitations, as to lose sight of our main design for the future; but to adhere more closely to the active part of our description; or the different characters and occurrences, flights and vagaries, we met with in our ramble, until we close the scene with the wild and melodious notes of the *Nightingale*.

Thrice happy, gentle reader, must it be for us, upon this occasion, that

our

our goodly plan of operations, falls in, so exactly, with the verdict of that awful tribunal, before which we have been arraigned :---a verdict the most flattering to a recreant knight of an author ; and which we would not change, even to be proved the imitator of the illustrious Yorick :--- for if dulness is the devil, surely then it must be godlike, to exhibit " lively pictures of manners," and make " sensible and sprightly remarks."

Thrice happy, gentle reader, must it be for us, upon this occasion, that

## C H A P. XLIII.

**B**EFORE I proceed in my expedition, let me make a few casual observations upon the different species of writing, as exhibited by those authors who have been esteemed the best : and, in particular, I must take notice of that peculiar relish, among our critics, or what is called the *best judges*, for the mediocrity of style ; which never soars to the sublime, nor sinks to the vulgar : but travelling on at the rate of six miles an hour, without variation, without stumbling, without leaping, bounding, galloping, or walking,

sets

sets you down at last, amazed at the evenness of the road, but hurt and fatigued with the uninteresting sameness of your journey.

Whether critics, or what we call the *best judges*, spring out of this class of writers, and approve, as congenial spirits, of the jog-trot lucubrations of their old friends and acquaintance, I will not presume to determine; but certain it is, that we are refining, through the particular bent and encouragement of these gentlemen, in our language and sentiment, to such a degree of purity, that nothing characteristical seems to mark the various authors of these times, from the *fair* novelist to the experimental philosopher. All appears to be

be executed in that even, pleasant, irreproachable, chastity of diction, which is as easy to be acquired, as to be approved.

A man must learn to write, according to the present mode of scribbling, in the same manner as a *joiner* learns to make a table---from a pattern before him.--He must not look within himself for his resources, but cast about for the opinions of other people---and when he has attained the established forms of expression, turns of thinking, and correctness of method, he may commence poet or philosopher with impunity.

I do

I do not recollect at this present moment, and I am sure I would not consider the matter another for a mighty sum, above two out-of-the-way fellows of genius, who durst launch forth from the beaten track; and assert their own prerogative; and they were shouted at, by the critics and the populace, until, through the irresistible power of genius, the *best judges* were obliged to give way, and the multitude were taught to admire.—

—*Churchill* was battled, but was victorious—and the laughing, *barody Yorick*, is now the peculiar favourite of his most inveterate foes.

Comedy, which should represent folly in all her wanton vagaries, it is said, is lost in our theatrical exhibitions; and a *sentimental*, enervated, preposterous, nothingness of character substituted in its room.---If this be true, it is strange---for not any of the days of our forefathers could possibly furnish a more ample field, for the comic muse to range in, than the present---attended with all her laughing, leering, gibing, jocund train.---And it must be still more strange, that a people who are such mighty adepts in every species of actual luxury, folly, and obscenity, cannot bear the representation of either upon the stage.---That a meer imaginary display of gluttony, should

shock

shock the glutton, folly the fool, or indelicacy the debauchee, to such a degree as to incur every mark of displeasure which one should hardly expect from a saint, is a paradox, which, however easily accounted for, I shall leave to those to investigate, who have more leisure and inclination for such curious researches; than I have upon my hands or in my mind at present.

All I intend to infer from the playwrights and their patrons, is, that if nature in her lowest and most ridiculous freaks, is not suffered to be characterized, either upon the stage or in books, before those who stand in so much need of her admonitions; then we may bid adieu to

every effort of genius, and get book-makers and play-makers, in the same manner as we employ taylors and shoe-makers---not to furnish us with clothes that fit us; but cut according to our own ridiculous and preposterous fancies:

Genuine strokes of Nature are attended with many faults, with respect to a regular detail of writing. — They are sudden and transitory; and when lost are hardly ever to be recovered. — So that an author who is determined to listen to all the inspirations of Nature, is sure to offend in point of plan, regularity, and even diction: — but the writer that pays his court, principally, to the process or management of his piece, will be  
fo

so apt to reject her advances, when she smiles upon him, because she appears, probably, at improper seasons, that she will soon be weary of her attendance, and shun him, in return, when he mostly wishes to embrace her.

As a proof of the above most excellent remark, I must tell the reader, that the word *comedy* popped into my head, immediately on my taking up my papers, in order to resume the subject of this chapter; and before I had time to recollect, or look over the former part of it, down went the observations upon the degeneracy of the stage, together with the *genuine strokes of nature*, without ever considering, whether

they could possibly appear as appertaining to the theme I was upon.---

So that if I had been more careful of adhering to that propriety in writing, so much admired by the critics and their slaves, than of listening to the voice of Nature, or, more properly speaking, to the first thoughts, which strongly impress the imagination; I should utterly, and for ever have lost them, or have piecemealed them out more horribly in some future disastrous chapter.

These observations, seriously speaking, and without any reference to my own feelings, account for some of the flights of genius, in the most sublime authors, to have been misplaced; and the reputation which

criticism,

criticism, in consequence of it, has acquired in the world.---But as every thing, in the extreme, is apt to destroy its opposite, so now that we are blessed in this country, with the most and the best critics in the world, it is said we have the worst authors in the universe.

It must appear somewhat odd, that where criticism flourishes, genius is proscribed:---and yet it is certain that genius and criticism are ever at variance; the former detesting restraint, and the latter having no other merit but what consists in shackles.---

To be sure *Longinus* was a fine writer as well as critic---and *Pope*

asserts that a man ought not to set himself up for a judge of writing, before he has distinguished himself as an author :---yet I rather apprehend he must be mistaken :---for though, as I said before, we have plenty of excellent critics, yet the devil of any authors have we got, according to their own accounts, and most pathetic lamentations, worthy a perusal.---

Now, as these critics of ours are ever deploring the decay of fine writing; and they must know, from their finding fault, how it should be done, and consequently, how to do it themselves; I wonder they don't set about some works of Genius, and recall the vagabond from his banishment.

But

But I only mean this as a *hint*— and hope they will not be *angry* with me for my presumption, in pretending to think that such exploits would be more reputable, more profitable, and more for the advantage of literature, than their present illiberal occupations.

I am sure I would heartily join my penny, with all the poor devils of authors now existing, that can *afford* it, as an encouragement to the critics in their search after Genius; if they will but take the trouble: and I will offer up my most fervent prayers, with the rest of us, for the success of their enterprize; and that they may be fortunate enough to  
find

find the fugitive.---I will likewise join with my brethren in the most cordial wishes, that the critics may *know* the gentleman when they see him, and not bring home some paltry scoundrel in his stead---for that would be a terrible disappointment to his old friends and acquaintance.

It is true, I should not have surmised such a thing, as a possibility of their mistaking the gentleman; only, that they were such a long while before they discovered him in the possession of *Yorick*; who carried him in his silk breeches to France; and, it is said, he has never been heard of since.

Many

Many things are talked of, in the country where I live, about this poor wanderer.---It is said the critics have a mortal aversion to him; and wherever the poor young fellow pops in his head, they are sure to give him a knock on the pate, or, otherwise, maul him most confoundedly.---It's likewise said, that whenever he gets the upper hand, he is sure to be saucy; and, in particular, to play the devil with the critics: So, if these things are true on both sides, it is no wonder, that, as the critics are, at this time, so numerous and powerful, Genius is expelled the country, and obliged to take shelter in some more hospitable clime.

Thus

Thus Genius being banished by the critics, we are refining, under their patronage, in our manners respecting literature, so exquisitely, that all distinguishing characteristic is polished away, and lost in the smoothness and elegance of our style.----

---Diction so correct and inoffensive---manner so sweet and delicate---periods so smooth, languishing, and mellifluous; that you are led through a folio as delightfully, as if you were drawn a thousand miles naked upon the surface of the finest satins!----grief is so softened---joy is so tempered---rage is so becalmed---and fear is so animated; that a description

scription of all these opposite passions, together, appears as if there were none of them concerned; but like a tale of two calves, and a flock of sheep, going from the field to the fold!----

---The sublime style is now reckoned the bombastical---the simple is the vulgar---but the feeble and the flowing is the beautiful.

If you would presume to write now-a-days, you must not explore the warm emotions of a female breast, because you may be *indelicate*, ---nor describe the artless manners of the common people, because you may be guilty of *vulgarity*.---If you attempt either of these, you must not offend

offend the rules of decorum; but soften your expressions so cautiously, that your description will do for a *plum-pudding*, as well as a *beauty*; or for my *lord* as perfectly as for *Humphry Horseshoe* the blacksmith.—You must not set the seas a roaring, the tempests raging, the billows foaming, mountains nodding; for then you will be bombastical—nor must you melt to soft music among the Arcadian nymphs and swains, nor by fountain side, nor purling stream, sweetly bemoan the absence of your love—for then you will be

“Some simple swain, more silly than

“his sheep,

“Which on the flow’ry plain he

“used to keep.”

In

In these cases, and a thousand more, you must shun nature, and follow the MODE:---a ridiculous, arbitrary, contemptible monster, under whose patronage you can alone be sheltered from literary damnation.

But as Genius is banished this country, and the people seem perfectly reconciled to the loss of him; the only method to be taken is to learn to write according to the present fashion. For an improved, good understanding, without genius, will always be plausible and correct.---You will commit no absurdities---no blunders:---every thing will be feasible, proper, and in place.

But

But you will produce nothing to strike with astonishment:---no grandeur of thought or expression:---no charms to enrapture the soul, and to waft it into the regions of imagination: nor any touches to inflame, to assuage, or even to excite the passions. But, at the same time, you will escape those whims, inconsistencies, and even follies (so inseparable to genius) which the critics feast upon, as flies do upon every filthy thing they meet with.

I have not time, or it would be easy, as well as curious, to trace the different degrees of Genius, according to the above account of him, as exhibited in the works of our best authors. But I must drop the subject,

ject, with the following hints only upon four of them for a proper investigation, and seriously proceed with my story of the Nightingale.

In *Pope* you are fatigued with perfection.-----In *Shakespeare* you are charmed with, and astonished at, his sublimity ; and sometimes smile at his folly.---In *Swift* you have a strong, masterly, even run of irony : while *Sterne* pleases you as much by his nonsense, as with his more delicious touches of the pathetic.

--- Genius borders upon frenzy and folly, but makes ample amends by the magnificence of his exploits ; while Judgment corrects his extravagancies, but is apt to doze upon the bed of serenity and inanimation :

and it is rare that both Genius and Judgment meet in an individual.

*Pope* and *Swift* were raised by Judgment upon the confines of Genius; but were never suffered to range through the realms of the inspiring God.--*Shakespeare* towered aloft, the sole monarch of the empire of Genius; while Judgment, as his Mentor or Prime Minister, seldom neglected his duty.----*Sterne* mounted his Hobby-horse, and ambled at his ease, either forwards or backwards, straight-ways or cross-ways, this way or that way, within the frontiers of the domains of Genius.--He cared not a pin for his prime minister, Judgment; but kicked him, caressed him, rejected him, or made use of him, at his pleasure.

## C H A P. XLIV.

**P**HILARIO, the gentleman who accompanied me in my ramble, is a person of a most refined taste for rural enjoyments. A taste so exquisitely polished, that at the same time it admits of every embellishment Art can possibly bestow, yet it never loses sight of Nature, as its sole guide, or northern star, to which every idea of elegance and simplicity is as invariably directed as the needle to the pole.

The *finest* gardens in the world, filled with the most stately trees,  
C 2 planted

planted in *exact* rows; Fountains, with their Scorpions, Dragons, and Devils, spouting their waters in the face of the astonished spectator; Walks, branching themselves out at Right Angles from each other; Parterres, or Flower-plats, placed like *minced-pies, tarts, or cheesecakes*, in regular progression; Yew-trees cut into Statues, and Statues into Yew-trees; together with all the various improvements frequently to be met with in pleasure grounds; have no other effect upon *Philario* than to excite his contempt and indignation.

---Amidst the most profuse expence, magnificence, and grandeur, exhibited to captivate his heart, and dazzle his intellects, he sighs for a green field, or a meadow, and curses  
the

the mistaken prodigality of the designer.

*Philario* hath the penetrating eye of a surveyor; and if it fall upon your gardens, or pleasure grounds, it will be apt to blast, or wither, all the laurels you may fancy they contain.—But you may be sure he will do justice to your merit.

He has the dignified manner of a senator; which strikes you with respect for, or aversion to his character, just as you may be qualified to judge of human nature.

He possesses a sprightly fancy which, upon sudden occasions, surprises you with the most brilliant remarks; and his sayings, in his convivial hours, are so striking, that

they are constantly recorded by his friends.

To be sure, he is apt to be ludicrous, whimsical, and absurd--for which rare qualities, you will say, he is an excellent companion for the *Trifler*.

Having been bred in the country, *Philario* possesses an irreconcilable aversion to towns and large assemblies of men : and often ridiculously asserts, that horses and cows are much more respectable animals than the bulk of mankind.

As to the women, he is a most true, a most cordial, and a most unfortunate lover of the sex; having had as many engagements and overthrows

throws among the fair-ones, as any gentleman of his standing.

Whether it be that *Philario's* dignity of carriage, which is merely habitual, is mistaken by the women for a contempt of their mental faculties, I cannot say ; but I'll answer for it, there is not a gentleman in the kingdom has a more warm attachment to their corporal affairs, than *Philario*.

*Philario* is not a *Macaroni* in his habiliments, but rather inclining to the beau : and no man considers a suit of clothes with more circumspection, before he ventures to decide in their favour, or admit them upon his back.

He has peculiarities in his diet, that sometimes give rise to much mirth—

and are laughable enough.---For he is what the women call a *Cot* : and if he has not received, from the cook, the ceremony of the *Disb-clout*, I am sure he has deserved it many and many a time.---He knows, to a turn, when the beef is roasted : and three turns, especially over the mark, will at any time spoil his dinner.---He is a mighty man for fish, partridge, hares, ducks and widgeons ; which he will contemplate, while preparing for the table, with infinite satisfaction : and when they are placed before him, he will devour his part of them with much glee, but great moderation : being, after all this parade, a very little eater.

He is as fond, as when he was a boy, of Tarts, Custards, Cheesecakes, Cream,

Cream, Milk, Plum-pudding and Fruit : and is extremely happy when he meets with these articles in perfection.

He has a great attachment to vegetables, particularly in the spring ; and will walk with you twenty miles, to dine out of fresh frying herbs and bacon.

If he can meet with a clean old woman, in the country, remarkable for making fat Pig's Puddings, he will whip half a dozen links of them into his pocket, and carry them ten miles with much premeditating delight.

Thus you have, Mr. Reader, the most remarkable strokes in the character of *Philario* ; at least, such of them

them as will answer my purpose, and account for some parts of his behaviour, which may fall under your notice, without any farther explanation.

In short, you have commenced an acquaintance with a gentleman, whom I hope you will admire: for, to sum up his character in three words, he is a very *nice* man, with *exquisite* feelings, and a *good* heart.

CHIA P. XLV.

**I**N one of the finest mornings that ever blessed the month of May, *Philario* and the *Trifler* set off in pursuit of the Nightingale ; there being not any of those delicious birds in the country where they resided.

High in spirits, health, and expectation, we walked with that exhilarating frenzy of delight, which frequently entrances those happy mortals, who can shake off the business of the world, and all its plagues and concerns, and fairly enjoy the present hour.

We

We were too extravagant in our felicity, to attend to any circumstance worthy the notice of the reader, until we had advanced seven miles upon our march; when we met with the adventure of the Club, as described in the 28th chapter of this work.

After having strictly scrutinized the operations of that momentous and ever memorable society, during its parade through the town, and escaped the dangers to which our temerity had exposed us; we entered the same inn, where a plentiful feast for the members was provided, and were kindly greeted by the facetious landlord of the *Cross*.

But

But as it was improper for the illustrious members of this club, to admit strangers to their annual feast, when such important business was to be transacted for their mutual advantage, as specified at large in the chapter referred to; we were ushered into a convenient private room, and very civilly assured by our host, that no hurry nor bustle in his house should prevent our being waited upon with alacrity, pleasure, and thanks.— And, to do him justice, he was as good as his word: for he served us, immediately, with an excellent dinner.

Gay looks, significant strokes of humour, familiar repartees, nods, winks

winks, and becks, adorned his attendance; and were very strong marks of his great sense, great prosperity, and of that inspiration, which his high office, as president of his club, had inflamed his imagination.

*Philario*, indeed, began to bridle at the free and easy deportment of our landlord.—His dignity was roused; and he swore he really thought the man was drunk: But I soon convinced him of the error into which he was running, by gravely protesting that the man was as *sober* as a judge—but as *great* as a king.

Our dinner being dispatched, and our landlord called, from waiting  
upon

upon us, to attend upon his friends in the dining room; we began to talk over the singularity of our first adventure; and to congratulate ourselves upon the season of the year; as we should, probably, meet with various amusing exploits among the villagers, during the whitfun-holidays.---

---But soon we were diverted from these speculations.-----The sprightly fiddle, the shrill pipe and tabor, and the enchanting hautboy, struck off, at once, a jig, in the hall, exactly in tune with our feelings, and those of every creature within the house and its neighbourhood.

Immediately the doors flew open  
---the people gathered in the street  
---the

---the members of the club were vociferous---and the rattling of their clamorous tongues accelerated, in proportion as the nimble fingered performers increased in the gait and velocity of their tunes.

The servant girls and fellows, with the half maudlin guests in the kitchen, got round the music.---The wenches simpered or chuckled, just as they were titillated by the sprightly strains of the enrapturing fiddles.---The fellows scratched their empty noddles; shrugged their brawny shoulders; and cast, what amongst them are called, *sheep's looks* at the girls.---The nymphs drew near the swains; and the swains advanced towards the nymphs; until they closed

closed by mutual consent, and began to *feel* one another—or to

Melt to soft music in the flames of love.

The people without doors shared in the general joy.—Heads were, in great plenty, fixed against the outside of the windows; while the owners of them feasted their eyes and ears with the sight and sound of the music.

Many a hearty laugh, and many a feeling slap upon the back, did the buxom country lass bestow on her favourite John; while the lout stood like a great fool, insensible to her charms or to her advances, staring, with his mouth wide open, at the croud about him.

The beautiful *Lavinia* walked gracefully by, leaning upon the arm of her generous admirer:---And so finely had love attuned her feelings to the sounds of music, that our little band touched the trembling strings of passion, and awakened all her wishes and desires.---A gentle palpitation fluttered about her heart---a sigh heaved at her swelling bosom---she squeezed, involuntarily, the supporting arm of her lover---looked with sweetness ineffable in his ruddy face---while two pearly drops, bright emblems of her melting soul, gushed from her humid eyes; and told, or seemed to tell, soft tales of love and amorous delights.

--- The

The youth perceived his conquest and was happy.--

And now it was, that the first gust of rapture, which immediately succeeds a hearty dinner, began to subside among the members in the dining room; and that illustrious body were sinking into profound debates for the benefit of their society.--The performers too, in the hall below, were withdrawing; after having played just as long as they were delighted and flattered by the general applause.--So that the doors were shut--the people in the street dispersed--and we were left to the mercy of about twenty drunken fellows in the kitchen, who, with oaths

as black as death, and as horrible, strove to excel each other in professions of love and friendship.

But notwithstanding their violent asseverations to the contrary, this extreme cordiality bordered as nearly upon Blows, as upon any other act whatsoever: for two of them quarrelled about which loved his friend the best; and before they could settle the dispute, such mighty thwacks did they bestow on one another, that you would have sworn, you never saw the effects of hatred and detestation more aptly figured, than in the countenances and operations of the combatants.

It seemed to be a sudden gust, only, of rage and madness, which

had

had seized these loving heroes: so that the battle was as short as it was violent: but its effects had like to have brought on a general engagement. For whenever the Furies are let loose among the common people, one battle draws on a second, a second a third, and so on, until the Bruisers, together with the Bruised, are as numerous as the company.

But as the transitions from Fighting to Kissing, among the vulgar, are frequently as sudden as from Kissing to Fighting; so, upon a merry wag's proposing to drink and be friends, the majority of the present wranglers instantaneously joined in the motion, and over-ruled

every opposition to the god of mirth and tranquillity.

And now they laughed, drank, and shook hands, more cordially than before the rupture broke out.--Nothing but mirth, high glee, rapture, extacy, riot and revels, were displayed; until a little fellow in a black wig, set up the most horrid yell, by way of a song, that ever wounded the delicate ears of a musician.

It was a very long song, written in the style of Chevy-chace: which the performer graced with so many sonorous modulations of the nostril; together with such a powerful exertion of his lungs, at certain points

of

of the tune; that you would have been convinced, the man was determined to sing by main strength:—and, by the force of his voice, if not by the melody of his harmony, to vie with all the *methodical* preachers in the kingdom; who are said to depend more upon the noise they make in their conventicles, than upon the weight or solidity of their arguments.—At the close of each verse he exhibited a Twang as long as his breath would support him; and it was so curiously wrought, and so exquisitely finished! that it would have been impossible for *Diogenes* himself, on such an occasion, to maintain his gravity of countenance; or to prevent the muscles of his face, from being forced into a dread-

ful grin of painful pleasure and abhorrence.—So amazing was the effect of this cadence, that the company joined in the support of it; and, as congenial spirits, groaned out, most horribly, the remainder of the song.

During this curious chorus, *Pbr-lario*'s nerves were so affected, that I was apprehensive of his falling into a fit.—He was endeavouring to adjust the bill with the landlord, for whom he had been ringing the bell with great fury; but so much did the songsters in the kitchen, which was very near our apartment, ruffle his temper, and destroy his recollection, that he took his change without knowing what he had received; and sallied forth into the street,

street, like a man bereft of his senses.  
 —I followed him, receiving, at the  
 same time, the acknowledgments of  
 our host, who, sincerely speaking,  
 is a very civil person; and joined  
 the distressed *Philario* at the end of  
 the town, in order to advance, that  
 evening, five miles farther upon our  
 expedition.

## C H A P. XLVI.

**I** Found *Philario*, after his bursting in a rage and distraction from the *Cross*, gazing at two beautiful damsels, who were laughing at him within the window of a neat little box, upon a rising ground, immediately on our emerging from the scene of the last adventure : and was pleased to find that the contemplation of beauty had such an amazing effect upon his passions, as to change them, in an instant, from the most dreadful emotions, to the tender feelings of a panting lover.

These

These charming creatures had taken such full possession of his soul, that, without perceiving the impropriety of the thing, he seized me fast by the collar, the moment I joined him, and, pointing eagerly to the ladies---there, said *Philario*, are those very identical goddesses, who struck us with such astonishment and rapture, on our overtaking them, some time ago, upon the road by the side of the delightful walks of ----- . And then he run on---don't you remember, that we were on horseback ?---that they were a-foot ? ---that, after walking before us for the space of an hundred yards, they turned into the woods and disappeared---leaving us upon enchanted  
ground,

ground, staring at one another like a couple of fools, until we were lost in a reverie of illusion?----Don't you remember? said *Pbilaris*, in the most ardent manner imaginable.-----

But here, gentle reader, I was obliged to interpose---for by this time he was growing, in appearance, extremely rude.---He had advanced very near to the house, hauling me after him by the collar, and pointing with his finger to the ladies---who really began to shew signs of displeasure---and made me fancy that I heard the following odious epithets drop at intervals from their coral lips---Rude!---impertinent!---fellows!---trigint

Well

Don't

Don't you forget, said I, interrupting *Philario*, and resisting his motions, so as to make our attitudes the most delightful positions for the amusement of the spectators :---don't you forget, said I to *Philario*, endeavouring to disengage myself from his grasp,---that you are behaving rude ?---and that the ladies are offended ?---

Offended !---exclaimed *Philario*---loosing me---how can they be offended---when, at this moment, I am in an extacy of admiration---and would fall down prostrate at their feet---and worship them with more real fervour, and sincerity, if possible, than a deluded, happy, enthusiastic catholic does the virgin !---Lovel

Well

Well but, said I to *Philario*--- though I believe you, and am sensible of your motives for this outrage upon decorum; yet the ladies may mistake your feelings---and attribute these extraordinary manœuvres and gesticulations of yours, to the common impertinence of common men---which such people are too apt to exhibit, when they come within the sight or hearing of beautiful women!---

Why, then, these beautiful women are fools, said *Philario*, if they cannot distinguish between the common, staring, insolent rascal, who means to offend them, and the man of honour, who is lost in a reverie of  
rapture

rapture at the sight of them; and who would sooner die than give the least shock to their delicacy.—But they were made to be looked at—and by heavens, exclaimed *Philario*, I will enjoy that pleasure, at least, as long as my eyes will last, and there is one woman in the kingdom fit for the purpose.

Upon the close of this speech, which was spoken with much energy, he left me—not a little hurt by the interruption which I had given to his rhapsody: while the mere supposition, that it was possible the present objects of his admiration could be offended at him for his devotion; gave him as much disgust, as was sufficient to check the ardour of his passion

passion in their favour, and cause him to look at them, as he passed the window, with that sort of dignity and superiority, which a gentleman discovers, when he fancies himself degraded by too great a familiarity with meaner objects.

I followed him---laughing at the pain this trifling occurrence had excited in his bosom---and perceiving, to my great satisfaction, forgiveness and complacency fix themselves upon the brows of our charmers, as we retreated from their presence.

But *Philario* not being in a humour, after this abrupt check upon the violence of his imagination, to indulge me, immediately, with the  
history

history of his goddesses, I set about the recollection of the story,---And while he amuses himself in picking flowers before me, and in recovering the equal tone of his temper, or, until some other incident may call forth the attention of us both to more interesting affairs; accept, gentle reader, the history of one of the most considerable and delightful adventures, to be met with in this work, or any other upon the face of the earth.

## C H A P. XLVII.

I Remembered, perfectly, upon *Pbilario's* suggesting the matter, the affair he alluded to; and that it was a circumstance which gave us as much pleasure, as ever enthusiastic ramblers felt upon any occasion.

We were returning from exploring the beauties of a delightful park, in the neighbourhood of the Walks he mentioned.----This park is the most luxuriant scene imaginable; and exactly adapted to raise in the mind the most benevolent and rapturous ideas.---

The

The strong, enthusiastic emotions of our own hearts----added to the enchantment of the place before us ----it being one of the finest spots in the world;----these, together with the rural, *Arcadian* conceptions, which prevailed in the minds of a couple of the most ridiculous personages in this country; were more than sufficient to render the sudden appearance of two heavenly nymphs, in all their pride of elegance and beauty, totally, palpably, and to all intents and purposes, a delusion.

And to make it still more captivating---the manner of their appearance, and their gliding, imperceptibly, away from us---their being

alone---and their not bearing the least token of any thing earthly about them ; were wonderful aids towards the raising of a vision. They were excellent helps to the Imagination to impose upon the senses ; and to carry the man into the regions of Queen Mab---or the fairy lawns which Fancy decorates so delightfully, when she leads you through the wild and extravagant paths of her own preposterous but most beautiful creation.

We were riding, near to each other, along a lane by the side of the Walks, as gently as a horse could move.---We were both of us busied in the contemplation of the objects we had seen, and those before us.

The

The evening was calm---the sky, above us, was streaked with those charming, fleecy, transparent clouds, which form a painting beyond the power of the pencil to imitate.---

The sun blazed, immense, in the west---whilst his rays lit up the deeper clouds that hovered about him, and immediately covered his face---which, with their edges of gold, and their fascinating diversity of figure---their fanciful, gaudy decoration of various, strong, and magic tints---together, with the heaven, or the seats of the gods, which, to a warm imagination, so strikingly appear beyond them, and seem to verge upon their borders; composed a scene the most intoxicating, that could possibly oppress the senses.

---We drank at this rich fountain of nature---we took large draughts to the power which gave it to us---we were inebriated with extacy and delight---we adored the omnipotent maker of the universe; and chanted his praises, in every wild and lively expression which the warmest gratitude could inspire.---We were not Priests, we were not Fanatics---but we were men---and poured forth our souls in humble acknowledgements to our all-bountiful Creator.

In this situation were we, gentle reader, when, from a path which issues from a wood, or copse, wherein are those delicious Walks I told thee of; suddenly and unexpectedly emerged

emerged two of the most graceful nymphs, that ever poet feigned, as the residents of the groves, the waters, or the heavens.

They stepped over the stile into the road before us---they looked back upon us several times---they stepped over the next stile into the grove again---they stopped and looked upon us---the bushes often intervened---they looked upon us through the intervals---they retreated---still observing us---until, at last, they totally disappeared, as rural deities, or woodland nymphs---leaving us in rapture, silence, and astonishment !

After a pause for several minutes, employed in gazing wildly at the

woods, the sky, the sun, and his bright attendants the fiery clouds--- while the mind enjoyed the ravishing delirium, which the incident and the scene inspired----while Fancy played upon the senses, and hurried the man into the moon among the fairies---into the elysian fields among the blest---upon Olympus among the gods and goddesses;---after a pause, in short, which turned every thing into enchantment, and which, to a man of feeling, is insupportable; *Philario* jumped off his horse, and walking to an adjoining gate, he leaned his head upon it and exclaimed----

“ Oh intolerable !---there wanted  
 “ but this to complete me---I am

“ ravished

" ravished---I am ruined---I am en-  
 " veloped in a wilderness upon fairy  
 " land.---The *Imps*, to plague us,  
 " have sent these gracious forms to  
 " drive us distracted with ineffable  
 " delight!----

---Then, lifting up his face to  
 the woods, and piercing their deep  
 recesses with an eager eye; he cried---

" But where are they?---sweet  
 " inhabitants of enchanted ground,  
 " from whence did you spring---and  
 " whither are you retired?---what  
 " happy recess do you grace with  
 " your presence?---are you sylvan  
 " deities, the protectors of the  
 " woods?---are you the dryades  
 " that inhabit the groves?---are you  
 " the

" the followers of Pan and the  
 " fawns?---do the satyrs revel in  
 " your charms?---do you lave in the  
 " limpid streams---and, mermaid-  
 " like, do you beguile our steps  
 " to destruction?---or are you the  
 " simple water nymphs, who blush  
 " and retire at the sight of man---  
 " too pure and immaculate for hu-  
 " man embraces?----Oh! charmers  
 " ---Oh! excellent forms---what-  
 " ever you are---return again, and  
 " bless our longing eyes once more  
 " with your presence.--We will fall  
 " down prostrate at your feet---we  
 " will strew your paths with the  
 " finest flowers---we will cut away  
 " the offensive sprigs that may en-  
 " tangle your flowing vestments----  
 " we will prepare the bed of roses---

" we

“ we will watch you in your slum-  
 “ bers---we will prevent the rude  
 “ approaches of men, and chastise  
 “ the insolence of each officious ob-  
 “ server---we will wake you to the  
 “ notes of the nightingale---we will  
 “ woo her to regale you with her me-  
 “ lody---we will silence the screech-  
 “ owl---we will drive far away the  
 “ yelping cur, that barks at the  
 “ moon---we will prevent the storms  
 “ from rising---the thunder from  
 “ rattling---and we will prevail up-  
 “ on the chaste Diana, to shed her  
 “ mild influence over you during  
 “ the serene and melancholy night !”

While *Pbilario* was thus address-  
 ing the wood nymphs, I sat upon  
 my horse, gazing at the setting sun,  
 with

with all his brightened train of fascinating clouds : and so forcibly was my imagination fired with the resemblance of heaven, and the seats of the gods, among them, that I thought I heard loud pæans in praise of Jupiter ; and fancied that the whole vaulted hemisphere reechoed with the sounds.

Strange infatuation ! said I---turning to *Pbilario*---who, upon finding all his solicitations to draw his goddesses from their retreat unavailing ; and moved by the workings of his sprightly fancy, which had hurried his mind into an intolerable degree of phrensy ; he vaulted upon his steed, like a phantom---set spurs to the willing creature---and vanished,

nished, like Pegasus, in a moment from my view.

Upon this the vision dropped--- and I ambled after him at my leisure---blessing the supreme Giver of all things, who had endowed us with that inestimable jewel---SENSIBILITY.

Reader, if thou art a judge of the human passions, as they influence the mind upon various occasions; thou wilt be sensible, that the sudden flight of *Philario*, was the natural consequence of the violent emotions of his heart.---If thou knowest nothing of the matter---turn *toothless* critic, and *snarl* at this chapter.

## C H A P. XLVIII.

**S**TRIP the mind of its sensibility,  
and reduce all things in this  
life to their reality, and you destroy  
every pleasure in it.

The goddesses we met with by  
the side of the woods, will, at this  
rate, be nothing more than a couple  
of simple girls taking an evening  
walk : and by their looking back so  
often, a fellow of gross conceptions  
would reduce them still lower ; and  
swear that there was something me-  
reticious about them.---He would  
express great wonder, that we did  
not leave our horses, and every divine  
meditation,

meditation, and follow them into the woods, in search of meer earthly gratifications.

Foh ! how filthy this !

I have often wished, on exploring the beauties of the most delightful pleasure grounds, where the most sprightly fancy has been employed in raising every part of them into scenes of enchantment---where every effort has been made use of to captivate the heart, and impose upon the senses---so as to lift the whole into the semblance of a perfect elysium ; for the sudden and unexpected appearance of graceful nymphs; in all the rural simplicity of dress and manners.

How

How forcibly, in such recesses, would these charmers play upon the imagination of a man buried in contemplation, and who conceived the scenes before him to be the residence of the muses---the retirements of the blest---the seats of the nymphs and the graces ; if such delicious objects were to present themselves in proper places and at proper seasons, instead of his having recourse to such a violence done to the senses, as to turn the cold and inanimate figures of stone, which we meet with in parks, into the warm and luxuriant representations of life, pleasure, and immortality !

Statues, even of the naked and retiring Venus, are, indeed, beautiful,

ful, says Philario---who is an enthusiast in pleasure grounds---“ but what are they to woman !”

“ When she appears they vanish into air.”

I am sure I never saw a fine woman in a rural situation, but I thought her a goddess---and never knew a man of feeling, that met any of the sex, in his walks through the most happily disposed parks for detaching the mind from earthly considerations, but what was struck with the very same idea---and lost every sensation, which he might have conceived from the justest arrangement of the most striking objects, when they appear as the emblems of poetical fiction, or the enchanting divinities of the place.

But here I am, with great pains, endeavouring to persuade the reader into that which he will look upon as self-evident. He will be surprised that I should make such a fuss about giving the preference to a fine girl, full of life and pleasure, when compared to her likeness in inanimated stone---and laugh at me for my absurdity. But I must desire the favour of this caviller to take notice, that in the case we are now speaking of, it is totally different from any sensual or earthly view which the mind can have in the objects before it.

A park, I conceive as the representation of elysium---or some such fine place----not of this world.----

The

The streams and the fountains are full of the naiades---the woods of the dryades, and all the sylvan deities.---The deep recesses and the flowery lawns are crouded with innumerable phantoms, the dreams of poetry and of fiction---and well supported by the strength of a warm imagination, while it wanders enraptured, over such delightful scenes. ---Statues are placed in proper stations, in order to carry on the delusion---and which you are to suppose, in your reverie, not to be representations, but the real divinities, the protectors of the place---the nymphs that inhabit those retreats ---or, in short, whatever the fancy of the designer has intended.---

Now, when you are seated under a dusky urn---with your eyes fixed upon the statue of a naked Venus, by the side of a dripping fountain, who is striving with her hands to conceal her charms; you are to divest yourself of every earthly consideration, and fancy it the goddess herself---not her figure in stone---and rather die than endeavour to pry into her affairs---but slide away with becoming modesty and respect.

In like manner are you to behave, in this situation, should three beautiful nymphs, of flesh and blood, in loose or flowing attire, or without any at all, pass by this Venus of stone, and dip at the fountain, or retire, instantaneously, among the trees.

trees. --- You must imagine --- nay you must positively believe, that they are the Graces, inviolably inaccessible --- and not think a tittle about running after them, as three tight wenches that you would be glad to kiss and play with. ---

Zounds! --- this, sir, would spoil all --- and if you could not, upon such occasions, divest yourself of such groveling affections, you are not fit to follow the *Trifler* through the Wilds of Fancy; nor to enjoy the sweet illusive pleasures of the park.

Thus, sir, are you to consider beautiful women, when they appear upon the enchanted ground of a sweetly diversified park. --- And all I

contend for is, that they are the most ravishing objects, which the imagination can possibly paint, when they are conceived as meerly a part of the scene---in the same manner as its statues---as its wood nymphs---as its water nymphs---as its Venuses---or as its Graces---and not as partakers, like yourself, of the ravishment with which such scenes fill the mind of a whimsical spectator!

Thus it was, when our nymphs, by the side of those delightful Walks before-mentioned, imposed upon our wayward and extravagant imaginations.---They appeared to us as pertaining to the scene before us; and not as the simple partakers of the delicious delusion.---They were dressed

addressed in a manner the most ravishing to the eye of an observer, who was already prepossessed in favour of the powers of necromancy ; and to whom every object seemed fraught with the fascinating charms of elysium.

They were arrayed in soft satins, as white as the snows of Zembla.---

Their auburne locks played, in ringlets, upon their downy shoulders ; and upon their throbbing breasts.---

Their throbbing breasts gave a superior lustre to their dazzling vestments.---Upon their falling shoulders were erected pillars of polished marble ; so completely fashioned to ravish the beholder ; so inexplicably bewitching in their form and flexibility ;

lity; that the heads, which they supported with grace and elegance divine, were the only objects that could draw the attention of the gazer from his reverie of ineffable delight.

---Their heads were the summit of perfection.---Their faces conveyed to the wretched spectator the idea of that heaven which he knew he did not merit; and which he was assured he never should attain; while his expiring soul sucked in delicious poison from their piercing eyes, until he fell a prey to the most excruciating despair.

A desirable beauty, where there is a sweet harmony in the features, you look at with inexplicable fascination. The sight is absolutely illusion

lusion---for you forget the resemblance as soon as you part from the object.---I never saw a face of this sort---particularly when my admiration of it bordered upon fondness--or that I was bit with something like a passion---or, in plainer terms, love seemed, for the time being, to have given me, not a mortal wound in the heart, but a piercing stab somewhat near the vital part---that I could ever afterwards recollect the features of the charmer, so as to call them into an ideal view before me, in the same manner that you do a remarkable face.

Now the nymphs we met with, by the Walks, were such as you could never forget: for they were tall

tall striking figures---with fine aquiline faces---with piercing eyes---with flowing hair---with long polished necks---with falling shoulders---and with breasts that disdained each other, and the touch of man.---

That is, they were *remarkable* beauties:---and, for a chance view, exquisitely adapted to create the surprise we felt in the beholding of them.---Their resemblance will never leave the mind, or be blotted out of the memory---but will last as long as recollection and fancy have any influence upon the senses.

## C H A P. XLIX.

**T**HE reader will be pleased to remember, that we left *Philario* picking flowers before us, after his last embarrassment with his favourite goddesses ; and, at the same time, I was amusing myself with the recollection of the story of our charmers, as described in the two preceding chapters.

Now it so happened, that while I was deeply engaged in that delicious business, *Philario* had strayed away from me quite out of my sight. So that when I began to drop the thread of the story, and to think  
 of

of joining him, no *Philario* was there to be found.

I mended my pace considerably, and, for a quarter of a mile, felt the disagreeable sensations arising from the folly or perverseness, which I conceived must operate in the mind of *Philario*, that could induce him to leave me so abruptly: and I began to sicken at the prospect before me; both with respect to the road, for I could by this time see half a mile of it in a direct line, but no *Philario*; as well as with regard to the pleasure of the journey; which, however highly we had estimated that pleasure, I perceived would not be performed without its alloy of pain.

Sad

Sad reverse ! said I---shaking my head---Thus it is with all human transactions !---

It was upon a small eminence that I uttered the aforesaid moral sentence---together with the following immoral ones.

Strange ! said I, where the plague is the fellow ?---It is impossible he can be got so far before me as the top of yonder hill. Why that hill is above half a mile off !---And (pulling out my watch) zounds ! I recollect seeing him within these ten minutes.---Pshaw ! Now this is nonsense.---He is playing me some foolish trick or other.---Nay, if you are at this ! *Philario*, it is as good we

turn

turn back, and not think of proceeding in such a ridiculous manner. --You may think it fun, and fancy yourself vastly clever upon the occasion; but I think it all a parcel of nonsense, and calculated only to imbitter one of the sweetest and most incomparable pleasures in life. --No! --said I, (looking up the road) I will not budge a jot farther --and (rising in my spleen) you may go to the devil, if you please, for I'll return to the *Cross*.

Thus was I talking myself into a very pcevisish humour, and marching with great haste back again; when, just at the time I began to relent, and was thinking of making another effort to recover my companion;

*Philario*

*Philario* came running out of a lane by the side of the road, and swore he had seen an enchantress---that he was bewitched---and that if I durst follow him, he would prove to me the truth of his assertion.

The moment I caught sight of *Philario*, my blood flew into my face---I was nettled---and should certainly have accosted him with some bitter expression or other, had he not prevented me by the sudden declaration of his pitiful plight. The thought of his having been bewitched, made me burst out a laughing---and I could not for the soul of me, think of distressing a man any farther, who laboured under the dreadful machinations of a forceress.

However,

However, I determined to let him have his way ; and we scampered along the lane together in search of the wizard---for I really began to think, that, as affairs had fallen out since the commencement of our journey, in particular to *Philario* ; it would be much better for me to get myself bewitched out of the way ---that we might be properly paired.

So I went with *Philario* to be bewitched.

But how came you, said I, (as we hustled along, and recollecting my own grievances) to leave me, *Philario*?

Why, said he, I often looked back---and finding you not disposed  
to

to join me---but seemingly very deeply engaged in cogitation, I suffered my Fancy to take me into her possession ; and perceiving this lane to be a very pretty one, and likely to lead me into something new, I entered it, and found --- but come along, for we are very near the place.

Hark ! whispered *Pbilario*, vehemently, don't you hear her ?---The blood, foolish as it was, rushed from my face, and I said, No---what is it you mean ?---

Now it was a very calm evening ; and the lane we were in was a bye lane.---There was a falling ground upon our left, and a snug house, about twenty yards from the lane, imbosomed in a grove of trees---

much like the habitation of a hermit, a wizard, or an enchantress.

Hark ! said *Pbilario*, softly.---The leaves upon the elms by the side of the lane gave a sudden rustle, occasioned by a small puff of wind.---I started, and cried, What's the matter ?

--- But I was going with *Pbilario* to be bewitched---and the operation was begun.

Don't you hear soft plaintive music, said *Pbilario* ?---No---said I---what the devil do you stare at?---

The leaves upon the tall elms, that cast a thick and melancholy gloom upon the lane, whiffed about, as if desirous of quitting their hold, and

and of flying away from the mischiefs that were brewing.---

So was I---for my hair began to rise---my flesh to creep---and my limbs to tremble.---

Follow me----said *Philario*.----

Where? said I---zounds! I am all in a cold sweat.

There was a garden by the side of the house, surrounded with a thick holly-hedge, so impervious to the eye of the passenger, that it was difficult to find a place to get a view of the objects within it.---To a spot which *Philario* had found before, he rushed, impetuous and determined---and having fixed himself so as to make his observations undiscovered,

he, with becks and other significant gesticulations, solicited me to join him.---I obeyed---but in the hurry and commotion of my spirits, I had liked to have overset him and myself among a bed of nettles in the ditch.---

Hush! cried *Philario*---don't you hear the Minstrel?---O heavenly! How sweet is this!--

So it was---for it dispelled all my fears---and put me instantly in mind of the Syrens---who, with their warblings, drew the unwary to destruction.---It had the very same effect upon me, as the songs of the enchantresses of old had upon the listeners to their melodious strains---which gave ease and comfort to the  
deluded

deluded auditor, when he was in his greatest danger, and upon the very brink of falling a victim to their perfidious snares.

Now, reader, blush at thy own want of feeling---at thy unhappy loss in being incapable of enjoying in their fullest extent, the PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION; if thou canst not conceive that a young and beautiful girl, seated in a reclusive harbour of roses and woodbines, and playing, all alone, most ravishingly, upon her guitar; should catch the attention of *Philario* and the *Trifler* in such a manner, as to throw them into the enthusiastic raptures of admiration!

These are the Wilds of Fancy that I promised you, gentle reader ; and if you cannot relish them, leave me to my fate, with what epithets you please, and I will only say, in return for your contempt--that I am sorry for you !

The harbour of woodbines, jessamines, and roses, was whimsically wrought in one corner of the garden---and so retired, that it was difficult to trace the path which led to it.---It was by great good fortune that *Philario* happened to find a place in the thick holly-hedge, not only that he could see through, but from whence he could have a view of the harbour and the objects within it.

On

On a seat in this harbour was placed a young girl of about eighteen. She had a sweetness in her countenance, inexpressibly captivating---which, added to a melancholy air that she was playing upon her guitar, and a melancholy heart which accompanied her strains; could not but rivet the beholder to her charms, and interest him immediately in all her concerns.

She was dressed in a green silk gown. Her head was fancifully decorated with sprigs, flowers, and brilliants. Her hair was perfectly in taste, but not preposterously fashionable. Her neck was of ivory. Her breasts told the wretched story

of her heart ; and heaved and struggled with her sighs. She wore a white petticoat, fringed round the bottom. She sat, giving us a view of her in profile, with an inclination to her front. Her left leg, which was on the side next us, was turned over the right knee. The skirt of her green silk gown had fallen back ; and discovered the whole of her white fringed petticoat.---In the action of tossing her left leg over the right knee, she had tucked in her white fringed petticoat in such a careless manner, that her right leg, which supported the left, was visible to a considerable height. Her stockings were of the finest white ; and of the finest silk ; and her legs of the

the finest shape. Her shoes were of white satin; braced with roses of green ribbon.---She held her guitar in an elegant position; from the head of which depended a streamer of broad silk, that played most wantonly about her knees.

This lovelorn damsel, for so she was, had been sitting in the same position as described above, from the time *Pbilario* found her, until so long after my arrival at the place, as to give me an opportunity of making the minute observations which I have given the reader.

Her head was leaning rather on one side; and her eyes were steadfastly fixed upon the ground. The

air

air which she played was a continued melancholy strain ; and she accompanied each soft and dying touch with a sigh ! a tear frequently stole down her cheek, and gave, every now and then, a trifling interruption to her music ; while she applied a white handkerchief to her lovely face.

Thus the gentle mourner was pouring out her soul in melting strains to her absent lover :—Whilst her new admirers in the ditch, under the thick holly-hedge, were receiving with open mouths, eager eyes, and attentive ears, every breath, look, motion, and note, of the Syren.

And how do you find yourself,  
*Philetia*?—O intolerable ! It is the  
 peculiar

peculiar fate of our wanderings, to be thus distressed by our attention to those calamities in life, which are laughed at by the vulgar.--Poor, delicious, unhappy mourner!--Could we pour in the healing balsam to thy griefs!--But hush! she speaks.--

She had laid her guitar on a simple table, that was fixed within the harbour: And, placing her right elbow upon one corner of it, she reclined her distracted head within the palm of her hand.

After looking wildly about her--- sometimes knitting her brows, as if she felt the most excruciating pain; and then smiling beneficently upon the leaves and the flowers that surrounded

rounded her ; --and could you, said she to the woodbines, serve me so cruelly ?--Could you woo me to foster you in my faithful bosom, and then leave me to bewail your loss ? --Oh ! wretched *Almira* ! Oh ! faithless *Lysander* !---How could you wrest yourself away from me, after the pains you took to enslave me ? ---But you are gone. ---You swore it was necessity and your fate that obliged you to retire.---You promised to return.---Ere this you promised to fly to my panting breast---but you have deceived me--you have betrayed a poor, helpless, abandoned maid !

--- God-almighty hurl perdition upon the villain for it ! exclaimed

*Philario*

*Philario*---rising, and snatching up his cane.---Hush ! cried I, for God's sake don't be foolish.---*Philario* sat down again---and taking out a pocket handkerchief, he buried his face within its folds.

The wretched *Almira*, for so she called herself, soon found her complaints too much for her to support. A flood of tears suppressed her words ; during which she gave way to the most incorrect and heedless deportment.

But there was nobody saw her---except the most chaste, and the warmest of her friends---*Philario* and the *Trifler*.

She fixed her right foot against the seat that went in an angle from  
that

that on which she sat --- She stretched out the other to a considerable distance. She raised her hands behind her head ; and elevating the front of her body with a most violent exertion, a groan burst from the cavity within her inflated and protuberant bosom, that struck us into annihilation ! We froze with horror ! Our limbs and our senses were benumbed.

This exertion and sudden gust of passion, gave her a momentary relief. She seemed exhausted : and listlessly sunk down with her head upon the table. Her stretched-out limbs followed, involuntarily, the emotions of her heart ; and fell into proper order and decorum.

She

She lay in this position a few minutes ; while the convulsive motions of her body, palpably denoted the torrent that streamed from her eyes. ---She rose and discovered such a face of woe---so bloated---so inflamed---yet so bewitching ; that no expressions but those that were painted upon her distracted countenance, can possibly convey an idea of it.

She looked stedfastly for some time. Her face was directed to the place where we lay concealed. We were struck with apprehension. We inclined a little out of the direct line of her view.---We swore that we would sooner be assassinated, than she should undergo the additional  
 pain

pain of knowing that she was observed.

Poor creature ! she knew nothing of the matter. She was buried in her own distresses !

A dawn of comfort, however, seemed, at length, to lighten up her eyes. Her grief had had its vent.--- She wiped her face several times. Her hair was disheveled : she perceived it ; and attempted to adjust her tresses.---She surveyed her clothes---placed them in proper order---and then dissolved in pensive contemplation.

Her passions, by degrees, were lulled into repose.---She appeared to revive.

revive. Hope began to flatter her; and to persuade her things were not so bad as she represented them.--- Her lover should return.---She smiled; and took a paper from her pocket--- which, after kissing it several times, she laid upon the table.

She looked very often at her clothes---at the table---at the seats--- and about the garden, as she sat--- and seemed conscious that she had been extravagant in her grief, and fearful of an observer.

--- We twitched one another by the sleeve, and held our breaths.

A chearful ray of pleasure lit up her frame.---She perceived that she was safe---and that she had not been

watched—except by her guardian angels. She took up her guitar—applied her fingers to the trembling strings—and then, forcing out a slight cough, by way of preparative, the breath of which I would have given part of my liver to catch, she accompanied her instrument with the following song—which *Philario* took down, in short-hand, as she proceeded.

“ Gentle breezes fan my bosom,

“ Cool the flame within my breast;

“ With the tender faded blossom,

“ Waft me to eternal rest.

“ Go ye winds, and tell *Lyfander*,

“ *Loft Almira* mourns her fate;

“ Whisper to the faithless wand’rer,

“ That she cannot bear his hate.

“ Death

" Death in terror stands before me,

" All aghast I trembling lie ;

" See ! the monster hovers o'er me,

" Poor Almira soon must die !

" Drive the fiend ye gentle zephyrs,

" Raise Lyfander to my aid ;

" Send the worst of all deceivers,

" To relieve a helpless maid.

" Come, O ! come, thou dear betrayer,

" To thy plighted vows be true ;

" Listen to my fervent prayer,

" For my life depends on you !

" When you're on my bosom lying,

" And intwin'd we're closely prest ;

" Let me prove the bliss of dying,

" To revive supremely blest."

Poor *Almira* ! The winds, alas !  
and the breezes are as changeable  
and as faithless as thy lover !

I thought there was something prophetic in her song.----Nothing could allay the torment of her heart. She was deeply wounded. The dart was fatal. The agitation she had undergone, and the ray of comfort which gleamed upon her before she began her song; were now changed into a deep melancholy.---Her heart was heavy---her spirits were depressed---they were sunk to the very ebb of life.---All sad and wretched she rose from her seat. She tottered---and caught hold of the table to support herself.---She cast a hopeless eye about her---then lifting up her lovely face to heaven, she, in a tone that wrung my very heart-strings, exclaimed, ‘ God Almighty help me !

me!"—She looked towards the house, as desirous to find some place of rest, and not knowing how to dispose of herself.—Her head ached—It was distracted—she pressed the palm of her hand upon it.—She came, pale and trembling, out of the harbour.—She turned into a bye path; still, pressing her forehead with her hand.—My heart, my soul, and my life—blood, went with her.—She avoided the front door of the house—she must not be seen—real grief hides itself.—She turned, cautiously, towards the back of the house.—She vanished.

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CHAP. L.

AND where are we going? said  
*Philario*.---

Now it so happened, that immediately upon the wretched *Almira's* turning behind the back of the house, we both of us rose from the bank under the thick holly-hedge; and without speaking a word to each other, we set off, instinctively, down the lane.

I had been distressing myself with the dismal catastrophe of that lovely maid; which my imagination had pointed out as plain to me, as if I had seen her in all the different stages of her malady.

I thought,

I thought, as soon as she had crawled into the house, that she crept up stairs, and threw herself upon her bed. That her aged mother, missing her longer than usual, had been in search of her.---She was not in the garden---the servants had not seen her---the old lady grew terrified---she, at length, went into her daughter's chamber---and found the lovely mourner, all weak and trembling with her grief.---*Almira* begged for a drop of water---she was feverish, she said.---The good old lady took her hand---she felt her pulse and her forehead---she desired to see her tongue---Her aged head shook with a redoubled palsy---The water swam in her eyes---she pressed them with the corner of her apron---she

bid her daughter be of comfort--she left her to fetch some water.

The poor lost girl grew very sick--a fever had seized her--she was desired by her friends to be of comfort--*Eysander* should return--she smiled, and said she was happy--and soon should be perfectly at rest--the attendants, round her bed, could not stifle their groans--they were checked by each other.

-- The dying *Almira* turns up her pale and faded face to her weeping friends, with a languid look of complacency and gratitude for their concern--she casts her swimming eyes upon her mother--she stretches out her hand.-- The poor old lady is supported.

ed by her maids---she cannot speak---  
 she puts her hand upon the pillow  
 ---she is let down until her face joins  
 her daughter's.---*Almira* clasps her  
 round her neck---and struggles with  
 her parting breath, to console her  
 disconsolate parent.

The attendants, in this sad scene,  
 look wildly at each other---they fix,  
 their eyes upon the dear objects of  
 their grief---they burst into tears and  
 lamentations.---

--- And where are we going? said  
*Philario*.

Good God! said I; I am glad you  
 have interrupted me---you have re-  
 lieved me from a dreadful scene of  
 calamity.---I was attending the poor

*Almira*

*Almira* to her grave. But I hope my prophetic imagination will be deceived.—Poor distracted maid! What think you of her, *Philario*?

Why I think her lover is a villain—and I wish my sword was in his heart's-blood. I have been engaged in drawing his picture—and cannot help looking upon him as some light-hearted, foolish rogue; who, for amusement only, or to flatter his vanity, has played upon the passions of that sweet, innocent, and unsuspecting maid, until he saw she was in love, and then left her, with all the indifference imaginable, to struggle with a passion that will be the death of her.—But curses light upon the villain—and

day

may the gods pardon me for the many rash expressions which the perfidious caitiff has drawn from my lips.---

--And from your heart too, *Philario*, said I--and therefore you shall be forgiven--but why not quarrel with the customs of our country--which will not admit of our going, immediately, and proving to the lovely mourner, that we pity her?--perhaps such consolation might be of service.

You see, said *Philario*, there are so many rascals in this country of ours, that we should be immediately taken for a couple of the fraternity and deservedly be sent about our business.

Deservedly !

Deservedly ! said I---plhaw ! that is too much, *Philario*---but I see you are touched to the quick---and ready to quarrel with yourself, as well as with the betrayer of *Almira*.

*Philario* raised up his cane with a quick motion, and levelled it at a post which stood in his way---but, recollecting that the post was not the lover, and that he appeared ridiculous ; he desired, most earnestly, that we might drop the shocking story, for he could not bear it---and begged, for heaven's sake, I would be so good as to answer his first question, and tell him where we were going---for that we were a mile out of the road, and still were deviating farther from it.

Upon

Upon my attending, at last, to this very necessary question, I found that we had set out from the side of the garden, the wrong way---and were really a mile from the great road. But on looking towards a mountain, which was near to the place we intended to lie that night, I perceived a very pleasant foot path, which seemed to lead to the mountain, through the most agreeable pasture-grounds imaginable.

Upon my pointing out the matter to *Philario*, he jumped into the propriety and pleasure of the scheme---so we continued our route through the pasture-grounds.

## C H A P. LI.

**T**HOUGH *Philario* had earnestly entreated that we might not talk of *Almira*, I found he could not help thinking of her, no more than myself;—for we soon dropped into the same silence as before he roused me from my last reverie; and I will answer for it, that we were both of us most warmly engaged in the deepest anxiety for the welfare of the hapless maid.--- I don't think we spoke a word to each other for a couple of miles; but walked, twenty yards asunder, through the most delightful meadows, where a variety of beautiful objects

objects courted our attention, without their having the least effect upon us.---*Almira* was not to be shaken off so soon---nor so readily.

As melancholy objects were the most likely to affect us, we had an ample field for the exercise of our feelings in the story of an old clergyman, whom we found in a little garden by the side of a small chapel.

This chapel is in a pretty secluded situation ; just under the mountain before-mentioned. There were a very few houses to be seen near it---and the village to which it belonged, appeared to be but a trifling hamlet.

We saw the old gentleman in the garden, as we were reading the

the gravestones in the yard; and were struck with his appearance.--- He seemed to be between sixty and seventy; and to have seen much of mankind: for he eyed us with that familiar, penetrating inspection, which denotes the man of knowledge.--I confess I did not much relish his looks---for they seemed to carry him a great deal farther than I wished.--I thought we lost ground in every attack he made upon us; and that he retreated with a very ill opinion of our intellects and our concerns.

He was dressed in an old dusky grey coat--but there was a neatness about him which indicated frugality subsisting upon the meer necessities of life.

life.---He appeared alert; and to have had a sprightly turn of mind. Misfortunes had not depressed his spirits; but they had led him to survey every thing in this world with the utmost indifference.

I was hurt by the *sombre* tints which I fancied I perceived in the glances which shot from his eye---and said to myself, you may look as black as you please, or as disdainful ---but I will lay you a wager, Sir, that I have hit off your character with more precision and dexterity, only with less asperity, than you have done ours.---But, perhaps, said I, correcting myself (for I shudder at the bare suggestion of any thing that borders upon vanity)---perhaps you

saw enough of us at first sight, and dispatched us at one view, as unworthy of any farther consideration.

During this sagacious self-exposition, which had fixed me in a very attentive position, I thought a fly was continually buzzing at my ear; and I had several times given a flap, with the fingers of my right hand, against the place, in order to drive it away.---

Hah! exclaimed my old friend *Hipparchus* (bursting into a horse-laugh, and shewing me a straw with which he had been tickling my ear) how came you, in the name of wonder, in such a solitary place as this ---and what is it you are contemplating?---

---The

----The old parson, said I (embracing *Hipparchus*) who is just stepped into that house---of whom I have conceived a very high opinion---and whose life and character I am impatient to learn---for surely there must be something extraordinary in both.

You are right, said *Hipparchus*---come along with me to the next house, and I will give them you, with a bottle of wine into the bargain.----So we called to *Philario*, who had got to the other side of the chapel, meditating upon the grave-stones, upon death, and *Almira*; and we went, arm in arm, without the least ceremony, to the lodgings of *Hipparchus*.

## CHAP. LI.

“**C**LERICUS, the old gentleman that you saw in the garden, said *Hipparchus*, filling out glasses with the most engaging cordiality, is a pattern of the sublimity of every virtue that can adorn human nature. The stings of malice, and the shafts of envy, have had no effect upon his mind. He has risen above the most tormenting plagues and misfortunes; and is now the most exalted being upon earth. He is the god of his own breast; where nothing is suffered to enter, but what shall contribute to the ease and comfort of his declining age.

“ *Clericus*

" *Clericus* was early initiated in the schools of science ; and made a proficiency far beyond the utmost efforts of his cotemporaries. His parents were poor ; and stretched their little all, to the verge of distress, to make their beloved son a parson. — As soon as he had gone through the rules of the college, where he had exhibited a sprightly train of juvenile exploits, which had drawn him into manifold distresses, and had made him the dread and envy of the drones of the place ; he obtained a curacy in a populous town — it is no matter where — and astonished the inhabitants with the excellency of his sermons.

“His delivery was easy, flowing, and nervous---but, to make short of the business, he was an orator.---- Without entering into the knotty points of religious doctrines, which tend only to raise doubts, instead of clearing them, he taught his congregation MORALITY. He placed the fair goddess, virtue, before them, with so many charms about her, that they were struck with her appearance, and became her votaries ; while the monster, vice, was painted by *Clericus*, in such deformed and horrid colouring, that they trembled at the misshapen demon of their crimes, and went away determined to amend their lives.

“ To rouse the seeds of virtue in the mind----to convince, by solid reasoning, that the way to heaven would lead his flock through the most delightful paths of this life ; was all that *Clericus* could do---and all that was incumbent upon him to attempt.---If they listened to his instructions with admiration---if they saw, and were convinced of the harmony and happiness that awaited the pursuits to which he urged them with so much warmth and sincerity of heart---and afterwards fell into their abominations---what was it to *Clericus* ?---he had done his duty, and they were to answer for their crimes.

“ Whether the inhabitants of this populous town were the wiser or the

better, in their actions, for the persuasive elocution of the young curate, we will not pretend to determine—but the charms of virtue appear so captivating, when they are artfully displayed before the worst of men, that, for the time being, if not any farther, they will operate like wildfire upon the affections; and are sure to draw the immediate attention of mankind upon the person, who is found able to harry their imaginations into the roseate bowers of present and eternal happiness.

“ *Clericus* felt the sudden effect of their admiration, in his own person. The incumbent of the church of which he was curate, dying, he was invested with a living of five hundred

dred pounds a year; and maintained the dignity of his station, and the reputation of his oratory, together with his character as a clergyman, unimpaired for several years.

“But so much merit, and in such a precarious situation as that of a clergyman--a character so obnoxious to the aspersions of the malicious, and so liable to be mistaken by the credulous and the undiscerning; could not pass unmolested in this wicked world, without the most artful attempts to level it with the dust.

“*Clericus* perceived the secret workings of his enemies; and that pains were taking to withdraw the love and esteem of his parishioners from

from him, by the most cruel and inveterate falsehoods.—But he no sooner saw all this, than he despised it all—and considered it, as it might affect his own character, with the most serene indifference: but as a crime which affected the morals of his people, he punished it with the utmost severity from the pulpit:—and many have trembled at his lectures, who were stabbing him in the dark for his virtues.

“*Clericus* had a very sprightly turn of mind—he loved a glass of wine, and a cheerful companion. His genius would frequently (which is always the case with men of genius) lead him into extravagancies: He could not bear a villain—and a  
known:

known one, of whatever rank he might be, was sure to meet with a severe chastisement, if ever he fell in the way of the Parson--which was not unlikely---for the Parson visited most public assemblies.--He knew the duties of the sacred office--he endeavoured to reclaim in the pulpit, and to enforce his doctrines, by his example and severity in society.--He would not preach over his bottle, nor in an assembly-room--but, with the most poignant satire, he would, upon all occasions, put impudence out of countenance, and make villany blush at its own deformity.

“ This conduct, which was just in itself, no man can support in life, without

without raising an accumulating force of enemies, that will burst in upon him, from day to day, until, with united energy, it overwhelms him in destruction.

“*Clericus* saw this, but he despised it. He was resolved to keep vice in awe of him, as long as he had it in his power; and he cared not a farthing for the rest.—He was an enthusiast in virtue—he knew his heart was good, and his steps were upright—and therefore he disdained the machinations of his foes.—There was a certain dignity in his virtue, which made him look upon it as the worst of crimes to suppress his sentiments, when they tended to correct mankind. Hypocrisy, with

*Clericus,*

*Clericus*, was the meanest and the most detestable of vices.---He carried his idea of an open mind, and an open heart, to such an extravagant length, that he was not fit for this world---and on that most excellent bias of his soul, hung all his misfortunes.---This generous and noble turn of his disposition, laid him open to every kind of misrepresentation which the malice and the cunning of the wicked could suggest.---He knew of no sin but actual sin---the appearance of it he did not reckon of the number. In short, he was much too incautious in his conduct for a clergyman---but he was without a vice.---He would mix in all genteel companies; and in every innocent diversion, he would lay bare the

the

the gayest of all hearts--for it was good. He knew that a cheerful mind, and a liberal enjoyment of the blessings of this life, were the most acceptable returns to an all-bountiful creator.---To be a niggard in rational pleasures, he would say in his convivial hours, was a proper preparation for a miserable eternity.---To sum up his character at once, he was an Epicurean in principle--but far from the common acceptation of the word:---For he partook of the pleasures of the world, only as they conduced to his health, to his happiness, and his eternal salvation.

“Such was *Clericus*, when the envious and malicious were straining every

every nerve to blacken his character in the opinion of his numerous admirers.---They represented him to the superstitious, to the ignorant, to the credulous, to the *Gapers* and *Swallowers*, as a libertine---unfit to have the care of so many pious souls.---Don't you see, say these vipers, that he follows the sports of the field?---That he loves hunting and horse-races? That he will sit and smoke his pipe for hours together, until his face is as red as scarlet? That he often staggers home as drunk as a beast? That he loves a wench?---Nay, that he keeps one in his own house?---

“Good lack a day! say the *Gapers* and *Swallowers*.---It is certainly true

true--say the credulous.--The superstitious shake their heads and groan--and the ignorant bless their stars!

"How does it look, continue the enemies of *Clericus*, to see a clergyman in a bob wig--with dirty boots, and a lashed whip, galloping along the road like a huntsman--when he should be in his closet, meditating upon a future state?

"Very true--say the *Gapers*.--

"Don't you see, proceed the impostors, that he looks as sleek as a young roe--that he frisks about like a ram--and that he is as lascivious as a goat?--Where is the gravity of a divine, that strikes one with so much

much awe? Besides, has he not offended us?—Does he pay us any respect?—Does he not fly in the faces of those who got him his living? And has he not insolently affronted the first Gentlemen in the country, upon all occasions where he has had an opportunity?

“O shocking! exclaim the *Gapers* and *Swallowers*.—We’ll take our *Salvations* of it, declare the credulous—while the ignorant and the superstitious lift up their hands to heaven, and shudder at the monster!

“By such mean artifices as these did the enemies of *Clericus* impose on the bulk of his parishioners—so as to make them, at least, doubt of the virtues of their beloved parson.—And sorry I am to say it, that the

generality of mankind are very easily led into the belief of the most false and absurd accusations against any individual.

“ They were, however, more successful with the patron of the benefice; and prevailed upon him to believe that *Clericus* had publicly reviled his character:—a circumstance which the unceremonious behaviour of the parson might seemingly corroborate—for he was the most heedless fellow upon earth, respecting the common forms of the fashionable world—though he was as genuinely polite and well bred as any man in Europe.

“ To make short of the matter, the enemies of the devoted *Clericus* raised

raised a posse, with the deluded patron of the living at their head, (who otherwise was a very worthy creature, and gave the parson the benefice purely on account of his merit) and foisting up a long catalogue of complaints, they, with great sorrow in their deceitful countenances, and the lamentations of the crocodile in their accents, delivered it to the bishop of the diocese.---The bishop, like a good old woman as he was, shuddered at the misdemeanors which were laid to the charge of poor *Clericus*---and, falling into the snare, he was prevailed upon, without farther ceremony, to send a severe remonstrance in writing, requiring a reformation of manners, on pain of being expelled from the sacred office.

of a priest, to one of the best men,  
and one of the highest spirits, nature  
ever formed.

“*Clericus* received the mandate  
with a settled countenance—and,  
reading it over with great attention,  
he exclaimed when he came to the  
end of it—Gracious God! what have  
I done to merit this?—Then, laying  
it upon the table, he cried—Thou  
supreme searcher of all hearts, if  
thou knowest a crime of which I  
have been guilty, fix it upon my  
conscience—for to nothing but that  
monitor, and my God, will I make  
my appeal!—so saying, he snatched up  
the mandate hastily—set out imme-  
diately—and delivered it to his pa-  
tron, with these words.

leave

K 3

“ Sir,

“ Sir, you have been deceived---  
 you have been led into an error,  
 which will cost you, for I know the  
 goodness of your heart, many a sad  
 and melancholy hour of penance.---  
 For my own part, it is totally indif-  
 ferent to me whether I am the rector  
 of a fat living, or the curate of a poor  
 chapel. In that mandate from the  
 good bishop, whom heaven preserve  
 from all human failings! I am re-  
 quired to amend my life, on pain of  
 being expelled from my sacred of-  
 fice.--In my own heart, I find, upon  
 the strictest examination, not the least  
 cause for such censure, or such ad-  
 monitions. Therefore, as I cannot  
 hold my living any longer, without  
 a tacit acknowledgement of guilt, I  
 spurn at the base suggestion! and

leave you and the paper with this last and only request, that you will get me released from all engagements in this country, and immediately supply my place with another.

“ *Clericus* did not wait for a reply,---He went home, and prepared himself for his departure.---In a few days he settled his affairs---for they were always kept in strict order---and leaving a faithful friend to transact such business as he could not do himself immediately, he left the country with a gay heart, and as chearful a countenance, as he wore when he came into it.

“ Another person, who had been very active in promoting the fall of *Clericus*, was inducted to the living

--and

—and proved a plague to the inhabitants by eternal encroachments and quarrels about his dues.---The patron of the benefice died the most unhappy man on earth.---The enemies of *Clericus* lived to be hated and reviled by the rest of the parishioners ; who, at this day, revere the name of their beloved *Clericus*.

“ Our hero went directly to London, where he resided unnoticed and unknown for many years. It was a manner of life that pleased him—for as he had, with very great reason, conceived a very ill opinion of mankind, and yet liked the company of men ; he could, in London, enjoy society, without having any connections with the world.

“ *Clericus* pursued this way of life, with much happiness, until his finances, which arose from what he had saved out of his living, began to fail him. — But as he suffered nothing to disturb the repose of his mind, and was the most ready man alive at expedients, when the present would hold out no longer, he went immediately into the country, in search of some bye corner----resolving to end his days in solitude and peace.---- Chance has brought him hither---- he accepted of the curacy of that little chapel---and proves a striking instance, that the mind of man may support itself with dignity in every reverse of fortune.

“ *Clericus*

“ *Clericus* was happy when he was the rector of a fat living—but not so happy as when he was ruined, and obliged to subsist upon his shattered fortunes in London—nor do I think, at any time of his life, was he so perfectly at ease, as at this present moment; after having spent every shilling he had in the world.

“ Thus has *Clericus* arrived at the superlative degree of happiness, along that perilous road of misfortunes, which plunges the generality of mankind into all the horrors of despair!

“ It is not stoicism, nor an apathy, which prevails in the mind of this great man; and enables him to look

at

at his own distresses with indifference---No human being has a more generous heart---nor revels with more delight among the finer feelings. He will dissolve into the most pathetic lamentations for the misfortunes of others, without suffering his own to irritate his passions.---I look upon it to be the pride of virtue that animates his spirit---an elevation of sentiment which looks down with contempt upon the trifling incidents of a life, so transitory and uncertain---and when he is affected with the losses and disappointments of others, it is compassion that makes him weep with the broken-hearted---well knowing that mankind is constituted differently; and that very few are possessed with strength of mind  
sufficient

sufficient to support them under their afflictions.

“It would delight you to be in his company and hear him talk.---

When I had obtained the history of his adventures, I took the liberty, one day, to ask him how he could, after having lived so long and so luxuriously in the world, relish so composedly such a retired situation--such a dearth of the good things of this life--and the total deprivation of chearful and exhilarating companions.

“He answered me, with great benignity, that his disposition had altered with his circumstances.---

That he was grown old, and began

to wish for the solitary shades of retirement. That little supplied his nature at this time, and that little which he now possessed, was sufficient.---Then, says he (with the fire sparkling in his eyes)---as for companions, any old woman in the parish will do for a battered old fellow, much better than the greatest philosopher upon earth.---When she burns her shrivelled nose, in poking the sooty bowl of her pipe in the fire, to light it; I join my head to hers, and, with my own pipe, as brown as the good old woman's, I draw in the flame to animate and amuse the fleeting spirits, while they hover on the brink of eternity.---or She tells me of her complaints---of her sorrows---and of her hopes in  
the

the Lord to relieve her from all her  
 griefs. I suit my voice and language  
 to her tremulous accents, and her  
 lack-a-day expressions---Lord bless  
 you, sir,---you are a good gentle-  
 man---I have such a pain in my hip  
 ---but the Lord have mercy on me  
 ---and take me into his bosom---for  
 Jesus Christ's sake!---Ay---ay---ay---  
 never fear---goody!---Thus we go on,  
 until we have talked our pipes out--  
 and then we join heads, noses, and  
 pipes, and poke the latter in the fire  
 again.

'Tis true, continued *Clericus*, I  
 have made no provision, in a family,  
 to condole with me in my last hours  
 but if I can judge from what is  
 past, I shall not be none. When I  
 the

was

was a man of consequence, and was surrounded with numerous enemies, I had always a few faithful friends, who almost distressed me with their assiduities.---But now that I am grown too old and insignificant to have an enemy in the world, I am sure that the whole hamlet will attend upon my last moments, and lament the loss of *Clericus*!

“And so they will most sincerely, said *Hipparchus*---for he is the guardian angel of every family---and the delight of the country people.---He has been here about two years.---He shuns the opulent, and is not known by them.---I came here about a month ago, for the recovery of my health; and with difficulty got ad-

mitted to his presence. But, somehow or other, he took a liking to me---and seeing, as you did, that there was something extraordinary about him, I learned the story of his life; which I have endeavoured to give you as concisely as I could---notwithstanding which, I am fearful I have been very tedious."

*Philario* thanked *Hipparchus* politely---while I assured my old friend that we were much indebted to him for the entertainment he had given us.---And after having mutually enquired into each others present pursuits, and the past occurrences of our lives since we were last together; I shook hands, most heartily, with *Hipparchus*, and proceeded with *Philario*, on our expedition.

## C H A P. LIII.

**T**HERE seems to be something in human nature that will not bear a division in our affections ; for between the two stories of *Almira* and *Clericus*, we could not properly attend to either, for the present, so that we were excellently prepared for fresh adventures.

Besides, the prospect before us, and the arduous task we had to perform, were quite sufficient to expel all other considerations ; for we were now at the very foot of a mountain which towered up to the verge of the sky ; and so steep was its ample side,  
that

that it forced from us, as we survey-  
ed it, a dreadful sigh!

But men of resolution, and an  
enthusiastic turn of mind, are ever  
stimulated by difficulties; and tho'  
the courageous may groan at the  
onset, yet their ardour increases with  
danger, until every obstacle operates  
only as an incentive to fresh encoun-  
ters.

Thus was it with *Philaris* and the  
*Trifler*, in their ascent up the moun-  
tain; for though we managed at first  
tolerably well, and rather hopped  
and skipped up the steep, as up a  
pair of stairs, yet our limbs soon be-  
gan to lose their elasticity; and a  
pain across our thighs intimated to  
us,

us, that we were nothing better than a couple of poor, weak, debilitated mortals.

But we were not to be daunted by trifles: we plunged and pressed forwards with the most astonishing perseverance: every effort inspired us with fresh resolution; every obstacle with fresh vigour; until, O sad reverse! through the violence of our struggles with the mountain, we were laid prostrate and breathless upon its side.

After panting strongly for some minutes, and fuming, and puffing, and laughing at our desperate situation; being then, as it were, stuck upon a point in the mid regions of the

the air ; the world appearing as a wonderful abyfs below us ; and the mountain ftill towering above us, immense and tremendous ; we renewed the attack : and with plodding, flow, and uneven fteps, taking the advantage of a fidealong procefs, and of every mean which prefented itfelf for our eafe and comfort, we gained upon the fummit.----But our knees ached dreadfully---our breaths flitted terribly---we tottered miferably---groaned horribly---and funk down exhausted and diftrefsedly upon the ground.

But foon recovering upon every overthrow, we not only looked upon the arduous enterprize with contempt, but with the moft rapturous

delight we surveyed the charming prospect of the world below us.--- O ! astonishingly great is such a view ! too much to bear without inconceivable transports ! and too much to describe without rhapsody, bombast, madness, and confusion !

Good God ! said I---as we sat panting and trembling just beneath the summit of the mountain---see the little tract of earth which has composed the scene of this day's adventure, when compared to the wide expanse of country which is now displayed to our view ! There, said I, is the town where the Plebeians were so merry ! There is the house where poor *Almira* wastes her fleeting existence, in fruitless lamentations

tions after her lost and villanous betrayer ! and here, immediately under our feet, resides old *Clericus*, smoking his pipe with a withered, aged, and decrepit woman !

What a reptile is man ! said I--- darting my eager eyes round the wide horizon---what a being is that which has produced such a glorious scene ! a scene how striking ! how magnificent ! and yet, alas ! how trifling, when compared to the universe ; or as seen by that eye which could survey, at once, not only the whole world, but the rapid progress of the spheres, the various purposes of the stars, together with infinite space, infinite suns, infinite planets, infinite---Oh ! distracting !

---It was not, surely, for man to pursue the tremendous progression!

---And yet how exquisite is the imagination of a human being, which enables him to trace in thought such a vast connection, such grandeur, and such omnipotence!

I laid my head upon my hand, and endeavoured to collect my ideas, and bring them down to the objects before me, as subjects within my reach, and which I was born to contemplate and be acquainted with.

How noble, said I (raising myself, and recovering my wandering spirits) do yonder hills, as far as my eye can reach, appear! and what are they but the haunts of flocks and herds, with peasants as ignorant and as  
stupid

stupid as their cattle! What are those populous and mighty towns, whose turrets and public buildings, whose towers and churches, rise so gracefully among the surrounding woods and lawns, but the scenes of business, noise, dissipation, hurry, folly, and confusion! See! how sweetly diversified is the country immediately before us! how exquisitely fascinating are the fields, the meadows, the corn-lands, and the pasture-grounds; which seem cut into various forms, of various hues, as if they were designed for nothing but to charm the eye of the gazer!---And yet there is scarce a creature, in possession of these delightful abodes, who has an eye to see, an ear to listen to, or an understanding to enable him to per-

ceive or relish, the beauties that surround him !

And what am I (correcting myself) but a vain, silly animal, who is just got a little above the world, merely by the advantage of ground, and thus pretends, as a superior being, to despise the human race ?

O vanity ! vanity ! said I,---there is a great deal more in getting upon a mountain, than I was aware of when I was at the bottom.---

— But I write to express my feelings, upon all occasions, gentle reader, and, of whatever complexion they may be, you shall have them honestly, fairly, and without disguise.

## C H A P. LIV.

**T**HANKS to the gods, exclaimed *Pbilario* (making a last and violent effort which had raised him upon the top of the mountain) that we are safely arrived to the summit of our wishes. Come on, said he, while I was grappling with the steep and slippery turf---lend me your hand, for here are new worlds upon worlds bursting upon my view, and overpowering my senses.

Very well---said I, struggling and panting, up I go---up I go---O Lord! I am glad I am with you.---

How

How horribly I perspire ! ---- Sigh upon sigh burst from my breast--- while my hat was thrown upon the ground---my handkerchief applied to my face---and my limbs and my body stretched forth to welcome the fanning zephyrs.

As soon as I had recovered my breath and spirits, so as to be able to look about me, the sudden appearance of such a vast expanse of country dilated my heart so violently, that a joyful shout, as loud as my voice could utter, expressed my glorious feelings ! which *Philario* accompanied, waving his hat at the same time, with the most rapturous exultation.

This

This was our ejaculation upon the mountain.---It was a song of triumph to the deity, more expressive of our gratitude and our adoration, than all the songs that ever Solomon penned.

Too prodigious was the wonderful scene that surrounded us.---Too numerous and various were the mighty objects on all sides to engage the mind, without hurrying it into confusion and distress.

Great objects soon cloy our feelings, and compel us, when we are upon mountains, to long for green fields, meadows, and peaceful and solitary shades.

And

And soon we were drawn from the amazing, diffusive, and uncertain examination of the far distant hills and mountains that skirted the wide horizon, to the contemplation of a delightful park, that ran down from the side of the eminence on which we stood entranced, to a small village on our right, where, imbosomed among tufted trees and shrubs, was an elegant inn for the reception of travellers---and where we intended to sleep that night.

We found that we had ascended the mountain up the steepest of its precipices, and that it declined in an easy regular slope, through the park, to our sweet evening retreat by the side of it. We could not  
help

help reflecting, as we were looking at the house, upon the happy state of leisure and competence : by which a man may ramble over the country at his pleasure, and command such excellent entertainment as at the inn before us---making himself, in a moment, the master of the family, every creature of which is solicitous to please him, and ready to attend upon all his injunctions.

While we were amusing ourselves with these, and such reflections as the scene before us inspired, we observed two ladies and a gentleman, who had emerged from the woods and lawns of the park, and were, with easy pace, and graceful attitude, gradually ascending towards the spot  
on

on which we stood.----The nearer they advanced, the more interesting they became---until, at last, which is always the lamentable case with us when women interfere, we could think of nothing else; but watched their motions with the greatest modesty and respect.

So much were we rivetted to these charming objects, that we took no notice of some gathering clouds that overspread the horizon on that side of the mountain which was secluded from the view of the sweet party, as the devoted creatures, unsuspecting and merrily, advanced up its mossy, smooth, and slippery breast.

But by the time they had arrived upon a level with ourselves, and  
were

were not above fifty paces from us, the clouds thickened apace, the sun darted his rays upon them, and caused the threatening vapours to lower with a most dreadful aspect. The wind also began to rise, together with the petticoats of the girls---the thunder to growl at a distance---and the lightning to dart across the deep and gloomy expanse.----Upon the whole, we were in a most terrible situation---and so sudden was the attack upon us, by the most shocking thunder storm I ever beheld, that we knew not which way to escape.---It advanced upon us with such amazing rapidity, that it was impossible for us to get down to the park in time, or to any shelter that we could perceive.

We

We stood for some minutes in terrible suspense, staring at the two ladies, the gentleman, and the coming storm--while such horrid flashes of lightning darted along the skies, and upon the side of the mountain, that struck us with a panic, and benumbed our faculties.--The repeated claps of thunder stunned our troubled ears, and excited in our breasts that wonderful veneration and awe of the Deity, which ever accompany the wars of the elements.

But there was no time to be lost--the poor girls began to shriek, and to look towards us for comfort.----The gentleman clasped them in his arms, and was going with them he knew

knew not whither---Ceremony must now give place to necessity.---We flew to their assistance---we seized them on the opposite side to the gentleman, whom they hung upon with the most bewitching distress.---The dear girls clasped us likewise, and begged for God's sake we would save them, for they should die with affright---the thunder would kill them---the lightning would blast them.---We were moved with pity for their distress, and with indignation against the inexorable storm---but a dreadful clap of thunder, which was followed by fierce rain and wind, put an end to our expostulations. We flew along the top of the mountain---we supported the fainting girls in our arms---we braved the storm

and railed at it:---Another clap of thunder, immediately over our heads, altered our tones.---We craved for mercy and received it.

A small cottage lay just under the ridge of the mountain, which encircled it in a kind of amphitheatre.---This delicious hut had been built by the noble possessor of the park adjoining, meerly as an object, under the denomination of the hermitage; but had been given to a poor family for their habitation.---To this place, chance, or rather the genius of the ladies, led us. We took possession of it with that violence which our distressed situation demanded, and found a good old woman more than solicitous to administer comfort to the affrighted girls.

O! what

O! what tears, what sighs, what lamentations, gushed from the speaking eyes, the heaving breasts, and the faltering accents of the distracted nymphs, while the thunder rattled over their heads, the lightning darted through the cottage, the rain dashed against the windows; and while these wo-stricken beauties clung about us in all the horror of despair! --- Every tone, attuned by nature in all her simplicity, agitated our very vitals. --- Every motion, stimulated by innocence herself, overwhelmed us in unspeakable compassion.

The storm which threw into this little cottage five miserable objects together, was one of those hurricanes

which frequently and suddenly arise in hot weather; and are as soon spent as they are spread over the fair face of the heavens, darting horror and confusion wherever they are whirled.

In a little time after we had plunged ourselves headlong into the cottage, the fury of the storm abated. The thunder, like the car of Jove, travelled with infinite velocity---the fiery meteors attended upon the vehicle of the god---the gushing rain followed the dreadful assemblage---and the uproar died away like the solemn sound of distant music, leaving us in peace, pleasure, and serenity.

Good God! said the ladies, but one room!---pay, said the gentleman,

man, come strip, strip--- here are none but friends.

*Philario* took his leave ; for he wanted to get into the park---but for my part, I must own, I wished to stay with the women---and made very awkward attempts to retire---rather lingering about the window, as if I would not go, but look another way.

Poo ! poo ! said the old woman, you are not wet through your shifts, ladies ! you need only take off your handkerchiefs, and your gowns ; and while I hang them before this fire of wood, which I have just lighted for the purpose, pray slip on these of mine and my daughter's.---To be

sure they are coarse and old, but they are dry and warm---and if you don't catch cold, I cannot see what else you have to mind.---As to the gentlemen, one of them is fled---this here appears to be your brother, or something nearer to you---and as to that in the window (meaning myself) poor soul, he seems perfectly harmless.

Very true, said I, ladies---so I am -- but I would rather die, than, by attempting to stay any longer, give the least umbrage to the delicacy of your natures---so---

Let us have none of your so's, exclaimed the gentleman, (catching hold of my arm)---you shall not leave

leave us until we have thanked you for your concern and politeness.---

My sister, *Phillis*, and my *Lavinia*, are not such prudes as to be afraid of changing their gowns before a gentleman and a man of feeling.---

I bowed to the very ground.

The lovely *Lavinia*, for I now perceived it was the lady that passed by us, with this very gentleman, when we were at the *Cross*, invited me, by her smiles and complacency, to stay; while *Phillis*, who was a pretty little sprightly girl, exclaimed O! Sir, don't run away---don't be frightened---and then burst out a laughing---for I perceived she was thinking more of what the old woman

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had said of me, than of her dishabille.

How soon, said I to myself, do the thoughts of death leave us, when danger is at an end!—how merrily disposed are these luscious little vixens, who, but a quarter of an hour ago, were screaming, most horribly, for their lives!—Nature, I thank thee, said I (turning again to the window) for this inconstancy in our dispositions---else how should we bear with the afflictions of this life, if the remembrance of them was to operate in the most trifling proportion, to their actual burthen.

I have often lamented the difficulty there is in obtaining an inti-

mate

mate acquaintance with desirable women; and have danced after them, at tea tables, for months together, without the least success.--- All has been distant, formal, and in the most exact propriety of decorum ---which, of all the foolish situations in this world, none can be more insipid.---And I have often rejoiced at a lucky accident, which has done more for me in the way of gallantry, than all my own most assiduous attempts put together.

This accident of the thunder-storm, was one of those sudden starts of good fortune, which brought me immediately, and most intimately, acquainted with two of the sweetest ladies, and one of the best gentlemen  
in

in the kingdom.—As we fell together in a thunder-storm, we became closely connected, as brethren in distress, in an instant. And, bashful as I own myself, I could not think of giving up, so lightly as *Philario* did, such a glorious opportunity.—But, hang him, he is park mad—and (though he loves the sex, even to Quixotism; yet he would throw away all the women in the land, for a saunter, by himself, through the pleasure-grounds of a nobleman, whose superior genius was displayed so exquisitely, as in the delightful scenes to which the rural *Philario* had retreated with such precipitation.

We—  
 you continue with us a little?—We  
 shall return to the inn at the bottom  
 of the park—perhaps you may be  
 going

## CH A P. LV.

**C**OME Sir, said the charming *Phillis* (tapping me upon my shoulder, while I was making these sober reflections, and looking out of the window to avoid *seeing* any thing) you need not be under any alarm ; for I assure you we shall not take off our gowns.---Thanks to this cottage and your care of us, we are only wet through our cloaks ; which we have hung to the fire, and intend to stay no longer than till they are dried.---

Do you want to be gone, sir? or will you continue with us a little?---We shall return to the inn at the bottom of the park---perhaps you may be  
going

going the same way---and I am sure we shall all be glad of your company---and take a great pleasure in telling you that you have been very kind to us.

And do you think so, charming stranger? said I---then I will declare in the sincerity of my heart, that I look upon the thunder-storm as a peculiar blessing, since it has given me the opportunity of waiting upon you, wherever you please to command me.

This is mighty pretty, thought I, looking about for *Lavinia* and her gentleman.

Nay, Sir, said *Phillis* (observing me) don't be under the least apprehension on my account---I won't in-  
jure

jure you, *upon my honour*.—My brother and the lady are in the room, but they are lovers---and you will excuse their creeping into a corner. Most willingly, said I, if you will condescend to entertain me with your bewitching smiles.—I have nothing else to do, said *Phillis* (adjusting her disordered habiliments) besides I cannot frown.

This little delicious girl seemed to me to be simplicity herself; and ill betide the man, thought I, that would lay a snare in her way, and impose upon her innocence to betray it.

There was a small *jet-out* at one corner of the room, with a window at the end of it--to which place the  
gen-

gentleman had drawn his *Livinia* ---so that this loving couple were concealed from our observation.----

The old woman was busy in turning the cloaks, and fetching sticks to keep up the fire---and never, I dare say, was more happy in her life----such a pleasure is there with the good, in doing good---and particularly with honest old women; who are fond of seeing that going forwards, which delighted them in their youthful days.---*Phillis*, the captivating *Phillis*, was employed in repairing the confused state of her dress, and looking, every now and then, at me, with the insinuating eye of complacency and good will.---The

rude and horrid uproar of the thunder-storm, had left us in a more than

usual

usual silence.---The zephyrs scarce played among the tender plants and shrubs, that decorated the little garden before us.---The sun shone clear and poignant.---The sky seemed clad in a deeper robe of the most distinct and perfect azure.---A few scattered fleecy clouds appeared as the remnants of the storm, and hovered in the midway towards the heavens, which looked like a rich and bending canopy, far above the regions of those vapours.---The cottage was recluse, and totally screened from all observances.---The scene, of itself, was sufficient to excite the warmest of our feelings, and *Phillis* was beautiful beyond expression.

This pretty creature had hung her apron, with her cloak, before the  
fire

fire.---She had thrown a handkerchief loosely over her neck.---The skirt of her gown was rumped by the dashes from the shower.---Her petticoat was red and fringed---and her legs were white and slender.---Her feet appeared as two little merry playfellows, that were ever at the game of *hide and seek*---while the laughing loves danced upon her dimpled cheeks.

----And pray, sir, said *Phillis*, what is the matter? you seem to have lost something.----My button off the sleeve of my shirt, sweet lady, said I, looking about the seat in the window, and upon the floor. ---God bless me! said *Phillis*, I am sorry for that---let me help you to find it.

She

She pried into every hole and corner, with the most obliging attention---and in stooping down, her handkerchief slipped off her neck.---

From stupidity, or from some cause or other, I was too late in picking it up---she chid me, and said I was very dull; while she covered her bosom with the malicious cambrick.----

And have you really lost your button? said she---most assuredly, said I---and I suppose it went with the storm upon the mountain.--Then you lost it in my defence, said she---and therefore I will supply its place with a ribbon.

She put her right hand into her pocket, and placing her left by the side of it, to keep down her red petticoat, which was fringed, she brought out a neat little pocket-book----and with it some papers and odd matters that fell upon the ground.----I dropped, like a hawk at its prey, to pick them up, resolving not to be behindhand again----but *Phillis* was a match for me.--She caught at them at the same time---so that we both had our hands upon the things together.

Give me leave, said I, ma'am---insisting upon the matter.----O Lord! cried *Phillis*, what an odd affair!

Just

Just as she had uttered these words, which she did in rising, her handkerchief fell from her neck again----so that before I had half risen from the last encounter, I was obliged to make another attack.---But *Philis* enjoyed these little accidents---she tittered, and fastened upon the handkerchief at the same time I did, and we struggled which should get the possession of it.

Nay now, my dear lady, said I---I must---indeed I must.---Well, sir, said she, you are very good---take it then.---So while she opened her little pocket-book to look for the ribbon, I put her handkerchief about her neck---and would have kissed her, if

I durst, she looked so wicked, and so pretty.

We stood fronting each other in this manœuvre---and *Phyllis* having opened the folds within her pocket-book, which was a kind of magazine of all sorts, she pulled out a bit of black ribbon, and said it would do---it would make a shift.---So, taking me by the hand, which I held out for the purpose, she began to apply her busy fingers to the buttonholes of my shirt, and to my wrist,----

Strange feelings accompanied this business,---Her touch, like an electrical shock, was conveyed in an instant, from my wrist up my arm to my heart.---It crept from thence down my body, through my liver, lights,

lights, midriff, and bowels, to the extremity of my limbs; exciting the most extraordinary sensations.

---I had a great mind to rise upon tiptoes while she tickled my wrist with her little fingers---for I wanted to stretch myself---and then I felt the queerest lassitude come over me---I had a vast inclination to lie down:

Lord bless me! said *Phillis*, hold your hand still---I can't get it in for the life of me---the button-hole is so little, and you are so awkward.---

'Tis true, I wished the operation not to be quickly over---so that by odd positions of my wrist, I had baffled her attempts several times.

What makes you catch your breath so, said *Phillis*---a'n't you well

well?---I don't know, said I, raising my hand up in order to stretch myself---for I could stand it no longer. ---O la! O la! O la!---see! you will have it out! you will have it out! cried *Phillis*.

She had, with difficulty, got the ribbon into one of the button-holes; from whence it hung, as I held my hand up in stretching myself, ridiculously enough.

Give me your hand, said *Phillis*---what did you do so for?---How comical you look!---I shall box your ears, just now, if you a'n't orderly.---

A bewitching arch smile accompanied these words.

Bless me! said *Phillis*---what a mouth you open!---you'll swallow me if you gape so!---

She

She burst into a titter---and with a sudden involuntary twitch, she whipt the ribbon out of the button-hole.

There ! now that's mighty pretty, truly, said *Phillis*.---Well, if I don't manage it, never trust me.

She put her left foot upon the seat in the window, which was low, and seizing my vagrant wrist, she clapped it firmly upon her knee---then pressing it down with her left hand, she, with her right, drew the wristband of my shirt to its proper situation---and with a violent effort or two, she forced the ribbon through the holes. ---I durst not draw my hand away, and perceived that she would do the business too soon. I wished my

hand to rest where it was, but then the matter would be quickly at an end.

See ! said I, your handkerchief is falling again.---I don't mind that, said she.---How exquisitely shaped is that leg ! said I.---She darted her eye upon it directly---loosed my hand instantaneously---whipt her left foot off the seat---and with a blush as red as scarlet, she flung herself away from me.

So---thought I to myself, I have spoiled all.---

My dear lady, said I, (following her, as she turned about to avoid me) surely I have not offended you !---what nonsense ! said *Phillis* peevishly

---now

---now do let me fasten the ribbon quietly---it is through the holes already, and only wants tying.---You shall my dearest good-natured creature, said I, holding my hand with all the resignation in the world, while she tied my wristband, with a bow knot, without any more ado.

We seated ourselves in the window  
 ---I turned myself towards her---I took her right hand, and held it within my left upon my knee---she was on my right side---I placed my right elbow against the ledge of the window, with my cheek pressed within the palm of my hand.---I looked at her full in the face with the eye of contemplation---she did the same by me---and I perceived  
 that

that she saw into the very bottom of my soul---and that we understood each other perfectly.

It was a conversation of the eyes, and was exceedingly grateful to us both.

After some time employed in this delicious conflict, and in a profound silence; a murmur issued from the window in the *jet-out*.---It was soft and sweet---the words were---now don't---now don't---fy ! *Palemon*---you must not.---*Phillis* seemed a little confused at the oddity of the matter, and bent her eyes downwards.---But some fierce and eager smacks, as of lips, which succeeded the reiterated murmurs and sighs of *Lavinia*, were

too interesting to be admitted, without congenial emotions on our part.

----*Pbillis* endeavoured to rise, but I would not let her.--- I slid my right arm round her neck, with my left about her waist, and drew her gently towards me.---She was very willing to hide her face any where---and there being no where else half so convenient, she suffered me to conceal her blushes in my bosom.

## C H A P. LVI.

**W**H O can help laughing at those sage philosophers, who, with their nonsensical cant, affect to treat women as if whimsical ideas never entered their heads, except when put in by the imprudence of men?—Alas! these notions, like the secrets of Free-masonry, are open to all the sex—and for the very same reason too—there being no secret at all in the matter.—

What stupid ignorance, pray, fir Preceptor, do you suppose women to be in, respecting the reality of things, that no Double Entendres must

must be made use of in their presence, for fear they should learn something, which, peradventure, they knew before much better than yourself?---Why, fir, you are making ideots of them--and, what is more ridiculous, your affected seriousness about such trivial affairs, would, if they were not much wiser than yourself, make these simple souls look upon every insinuation as a matter of importance, and determine them, at once, to search it to the bottom.

But, Mr. Preceptor, take this by the way, that there is not a girl of sixteen in the three kingdoms, who is not better acquainted by her grandmother NATURE, with all those wicked things, which you are so

feared

must

fearful imprudent men should pop into her head, than your whole college of Conjurers put together !

It is very easy, *sage* Preceptor, to prove by very sound reasoning, that all your wary instructions concerning young women, can do no more, after all, than form a prude---a thing out of nature---with every desire, every wish, pent up, as within a chest---there to lie concealed, and corroding at the heart---which is imbittered and tainted by the unequal conflict.

And what is this chaste lady in the extreme---this inanimate machine, we call a prude---this thing of your forming, Philosopher, but a very indecent creature ?---She always  
puts

puts you in mind, by her unnecessary precautions, of something which you ought not to think of.---If you meet her in the street, and she seems fearful she shall be taken notice of, something criminal is popped by her into your head directly.---If she seem over careful, in getting over a stile, of making discoveries, she intimates to you that she has gotten legs ---which by no means ought to be admitted.---If she discover apprehensions, on the entrance into groves, alleys, or bye-lanes, she certainly puts you in mind of an opportunity ---and she ought to be answerable for the consequences. If she--

---But you don't answer me, said *Phillis* (as we were walking down the mountain, from the cottage, where

where we had left the old woman quite happy)---I want to know which way you came, and where the gentleman is gone that was with you.--- And who we are, said I, and whither we are going?---O fy! said *Phillis* ---you think me very rude.---

—Her right arm was within my left—I pressed her hand against my heart—and thought it did it a great deal of good.---

*Philario*, said I, the gentleman you saw with me, is now in the park---we came up the mountain on the other side, and are going to the inn below.---But, pray, said I, who is the gentleman with the lady before us?---I remember seeing both of them pass by the *Cross* at yonder town,

town, about three o'clock this afternoon, but I did not perceive you at the same time.----No----said *Phillis*, for I was at the other inn, waiting their return---from whence we set out immediately after, for this place.---- That gentleman, sir, continued *Phillis*, is my brother---that lady will be my sister the day after to-morrow, when we shall have a wedding.---- The gentleman's name is *Palemon*--- and the lady's *Lavinia*----no doubt you have heard of them before.---

Indeed I have often heard a great character of *Palemon*, said I, and am happy in having had this opportunity of seeing him---but what a heavenly creature is *Lavinia*!---O! cried *Phillis*, she is sweeter in her disposi-

tion, than she is beautiful in her person ; and my worthy brother will be the happiest of men ! she is of a good family, but she has no fortune ---only that mind, and those accomplishments, which my brother, for he is rich, prizes above the mines of Peru.---We live at the Mansion-house, but twelve miles off, in the road to ----, and shall go there this evening.---

That's the very road we are going too, said I, and we shall be at the King's-Arms, which is but a mile or two from your brother's delightful abode, to-morrow night.---

Then, cried *Phillis*, clapping her hands together, you shall positively be at the wedding of *Palemon* and  
*Lavinia*,

*Lavinia*, if you can make it convenient to yourselves.

Any thing will be convenient to us, fair lady, said I, for we are a couple of very idle fellows, and are going sixty miles a-foot, upon no other business in the world, than to listen to the wild and melodious notes of the Nightingale.

O! how charming it is, exclaimed the little merry creature, jumping about the turf---I wish I was a man that I might walk with you.---How it will delight my brother when I tell him of your scheme---and that he may have the honour of your company as you pass!---But he is so deeply engaged, at present, with the thoughts of his approaching happi-

ness, that you will excuse his not paying you the attention, which I am sure he otherwise would do.--But leave it all to me--you will be at the King's-Arms, you say, to-morrow night.---Most assuredly, said I.---I know where it is, said *Pbillis*---and you may depend upon hearing from us, at that place, in such a manner as will satisfy you of our most earnest wishes to make every thing agreeable to you.---Besides, we have plenty of Nightingales, and you will hear them, I dare say, to-morrow as you walk---so that you need not go any farther for that purpose---but stay with us and listen to those charming birds.

The generous frankness of this delightful girl, quite overpowered me.

me.----I could not help pressing her to my heart with a fierce embrace----but with a respect entirely new upon such an occasion.

We were now among the close recesses of the park, and I placed her upon a seat, which kindly offered itself, with a warmth of expression in my looks, and in an attitude, that bespoke unutterable adoration.----Dearest angel, said I, while I held her in my arms, you are too good---you are too captivating.----I may be a ruffian for ought you know.---Your confidence is imprudent----and I tremble at the idea of such innocence ever falling a prey to the cruel designs of some artful betrayer.---

Lord bless me! said *Phillis*----you have the appearance of a gentleman

---and your behaviour, from the first moment I saw you, has proved it beyond the possibility of a doubt ---otherwise you would have found me as reserved as a prude, and much more inaccessible.---Indeed sir, continued the smiling cherub, I had nothing to fear from you---for one attempt beyond the bounds of the strictest modesty, would have whirled you from my sight, for ever---a rejected, wretched, and detestable thing.--- Besides, my brother has all along been near me---and is now no farther off than the temple on the other side of yonder tuft of trees.---He is a security to me superior to armies, or whole hosts of legions, in all the dreadful array of battle.---

Pardon

Pardon me, sweet lady, said I, for such a crude, unprecedented observation----but you are lovely beyond the power of words to describe ----and it was the sudden consent, and conviction of all my senses in your matchless excellence, with my anxiety for its preservation, that urged me to commit a folly, which would render me contemptible in the eyes of the world.

O! hang the world, said *Phillis*--- but you must come to the wedding of *Patemon*---will you promise me that?---

---But we are strangers---said I,---

Pshaw! said *Phillis*, you are rural gods, and our most approved good

friends.---You are the only beings that will do honour to the feast.---

When my brother knows your characters and your pursuits, he will bless his stars, for the favour they design him in your company.---You will find all the nymphs and swains of the country, ready to entertain you with their smiles, and their innocent merriment.---It will be a rural wedding, in a more lovely situation than the boasted plains of Arcadia, and more beautiful than the poetical descriptions of elysium.---My brother is the deity of the country---and is resolved to have all his votaries about him on the day of his marriage, in honour to his beloved *Lavinia*---who has promised him to undergo the fatigue of a ceremony, which will be  
superior

superior in elegance and propriety to every thing of the kind we have ever read of among the ancients.

---Then I will go to the wedding of *Palemon*, said I---and I sealed my promise upon her pouting lips.

---But where do you live? said *Phillis*---you'll pardon me.---

I told her concisely, every thing concerning me and my companion.

---I just mentioned the adventures of the day---particularly some pathetic touches in the story of *Almira*

---at which she was much affected.

She looked me steadfastly in the face, with humid eyes, quivering lips, and the aspect of esteem and distress.

strefs.---I do think you have a good heart, said she--nay, I am sure of it.---

I felt something rise in my throat, but stifled the pressing emotion, with an affected laugh---for it must be horrid to see a man cry.---

Your deep concern, continued *Phillis*, for a distressed and forlorn young lady, ruined by her faithless lover, renders you worthy of the most grateful thanks from us all.--- I return them you, with all my heart, said the charming *Phillis*--- laying her head upon my shoulder, and bursting into tears.---

But my dear enchantress, said I, lifting her up, and wiping the pearly drops away with my handkerchief---

you

you mistake me---I am very cruel---  
and am always quarrelling with the  
women---and, in those quarrels, I say  
the most severe and bitter things of  
them.

It is all the same, said *Pbillis*,  
fighting---yours, whatever they are,  
can only be the quarrels of a Lover---  
and every sensible woman in the king-  
dom will like you the better for  
them.

In this delicious struggle of the  
tender passions were we fixed, when  
a volley of the most dreadful oaths,  
which issued from the bottom of the  
wood before us, dissolved the *gordean*  
knot at once.--We got up in a hur-  
ry, and walked hastily towards the  
spot---for, indeed, I knew the voice,  
and

and soon made my charming *Phillis* perfectly easy under this strange alarm.---As we ran along the walks, we saw *Lavinia* and her lover, at a little distance---who had been disturbed by the same accident---so we beckoned to them to join us, which they immediately did.

We flew, all together, to an elegant alcove, which is situated in one of the most bewitching recesses in this kingdom; and found *Philario* cursing and swearing, like a trooper, by himself, at some rascals as he called them, who had been cutting their infamous names upon the stucco within the alcove---thereby defacing the building, and abusing the generosity of the noble possessor; who permits

stran-

strangers the privilege, equally with himself, of enjoying those luxuriant scenes of paradise, which had cost him so much pains and expence in their formation.

We joined very heartily with *Philario*, in the condemnation of the insolent practice of foolish people, who scribble nonsense upon the temples, the alcoves, the seats, and the trees, in a park; which should be sacred to the muses---and not be profaned by the unhallowed pencils of vulgar blockheads.---We took him in our hands, caressing him all the way for his generous indignation, to the inn, by the side of the park---where we found a post-coach and four fine hunters, ready for the reception

ception of *Palemon* and his lovely companions.

It was growing late---and *Palemon* had twelve miles to convey his charming burthens that evening.--- He took a hasty, but a friendly leave of *Philaris* and myself---and stepped with his adorable *Lavinia* into the coach.---I handed my little *Phyllis* to the same place---who, in putting her foot upon the step at the entrance, turned her head back upon me, and with an eager whisper, accompanied with the inviting smile of a Seraph, she bid me remember the wedding of *Palemon* and *Lavinia*.---You shall certainly hear from me to-morrow night, said *Phyllis*.

The

The coach drove away immediately---I followed it with my eyes---and *Phillis* sent me a parting nod, as it disappeared.---

It is astonishing, said I, looking upon the ground, that such little things---such trivial incidents--should have engaged my affections so warmly, as these have done to-day.---But they are light strokes of NATURE, perfectly applicable to the genius of a *Trifler*.---and while the Young and the Fair, can witness to the facts---said I---(turning with a hop and a skip into the house) the whole crew of the Critics, the Sages, and the Philosophers, may go to the devil, for ought I care one farthing about the matter.

END OF VOL. III.

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